

inside the  
Polish revolt

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's

SEPTEMBER 1, 1980

\$1.00

## THE BIG THREE FIGHT BACK





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## Editorial

# So who needs Detroit? Drive a Beaver to lunch

By Peter G. Newman

**R**eaders Ray MacGregor's disturbing report on the sorry state of North America's automobile industry (page 34), must thoughtful Canadians make find themselves wondering why we haven't tried to build a car of our own. Canada remains the world's only major automotive market that has no indigenous auto manufacturing capability. With a domestic market one-third the size, Sweden, for example, can claim two superior model lines while Canadian car-making petered out during the 1930s.

The first Canadian car was a steam-propelled luge that chugged around Stanstead in Quebec's Eastern Townships during Confederation year. It was more than slightly handicapped by the fact that its builder, Henry Smith Taylor, forgot to include brakes. Since then an astonishing 113 different makes of Canadian cars have hit the road, featuring such innovations as mounting a horn bellows in the middle of the brake pedal (on the 1912 Jules "30" made in Guelph) to scare chickens off the road. The most successful model was probably the Gray-Dorr, turned out between 1915 and 1925 in Chatham, Ont., which consistently outdid GM's cheaper Chevrolet. (Our most recent venture into car-making, the ill-fated Bricks, sold 2,800 units in the early 1930s, the surviving gull-winged sports car—

designed to sell at \$10,000—now fetches \$25,000.)

Establishing our own car industry would not only generate badly needed jobs but significantly expand research and development opportunities on this side of the border. (At the same time, Canadian subsidiaries of the Big Three underwrite their parent companies' U.S.-based research efforts to the tune of \$300 million annually.) Most important of all, Canadian drivers could expect to be offered a vehicle designed specifically for our climate. Steven Briseman, the Ottawa maverick who negotiated the original U.S.-Canada auto pact in 1965, once estimated that such a "northern" car might achieve sales of four million a year, including exports.

The timing has never been more opportune. By combining the assembly-line facilities and urban showrooms of the financially despoiled Canadian Chrysler operation with the rural dealership and improvising engine know-how of the troubled Massey-Ferguson company, we could produce and market a dandy line of Canadian automobiles.

If designers could do worse than adapt the propulsion system used on the Galt, a short-bored hummer turned out by Canadian Motors Ltd. in 1911. It had a tiny gasoline engine that operated a generator, which in turn charged the batteries that provided the electric current that powered the car.



## Maclean's

SEPT. 1, 1980

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## A Bolivian nightmare



By Mary Helen Spooner

The Bolivian regime of Gen. Luis García Meza came to power July 17 as a brutal military coup. It has since systematically rounded up and imprisoned opponents and expelled or arrested 25 foreign journalists. Mary Helen Spooner, a correspondent for *Sweden's* as well as *London's Financial Times*, the *Washington Post* and various American publications, was imprisoned for six days in a suffocating closet before being deported. This is her first full report of the experience.

The Bolivian government prohibits any attempt to seek redress in international courts against those who "defame and libel" the military regime headed by Gen. Luis García Meza. The regime, which has been officially recognized by only a handful of foreign governments, is likely to receive little sympathetic reception of such claims, but I took special note since I was the victim of such charges during my arrest in La Paz, the capital.

On Wednesday, Aug. 6, I was arrested at my hotel by plainclothes officials from the Bolivian interior ministry. For nearly eight hours I was interrogated, harassed and threatened by officials, including the interior minister himself, Col. René Arce Gómez, who had apparently ordered my arrest. The ministry's chief of special operations, my first interrogator, angrily demanded to know why I was telling lies about his country and, as he became more enraged, asked me how I would like to be tossed several stories to the ground. Pointing to a pistol he carried in a shoulder holster, he asked if I preferred bullets. Had I ever visited a plastic surgeon? Because I was going to need one, he threatened. Next, a lower-ranking interior ministry employee took a statement from me. "I am going to try and help you," he said. "But if you do not tell them what they want to know they are going to use force and as a woman there are certain things that can happen to you."

I nodded, and he began typing up the statement, commencing with such basic information as my passport number, the date I had entered the country and place of birth. A short time later I was taken to see Arce himself. Standing at his side was a photographer and a reporter from *El Día*, a right-wing Bolivian newspaper known for its favorable stance toward military rule. "Who is telling lies about Bolivia?" Arce bellowed. The reporter began scribbling notes, the photographer snapped his camera in my face.

The day before, he would be civilian president of Bolivia, Hernán Siles Zúñiga, who had won a plurality of votes in the June 29 elections, had sent out a call for a civilian government in failing to oppose the García Meza regime. His signed statement was distributed more primarily to anyone thought to be sympathetic to the cause. It had been given a copy by a contact with links to other dissident Bolivians who had gone underground since the July 17 coup.

Arce stared at me. Did I know where Siles Zúñiga was hiding? I didn't. What was the origin of the report on his whereabouts statement? Other journalists I said, without mentioning names. Arce derided that these had probably been no communique from Siles Zúñiga, that I and other foreign journalists had fabricated the story in an effort to discredit the government. I said nothing. There were more threats. "We're going to cut off your head!" Arce announced.

On Thursday morning (Aug. 7), I was put into a storage closet, just over one meter square and barely lit through minuscule cracks in the door. I spent the next six days locked in that closet and was allowed out only to use the restroom. I was fed a diet of black coffee, rice, potatoes and meat, and never allowed to talk or change clothes. Meanwhile, the government announced it would put me on trial for sedition ranging from three to 25 years' imprisonment.

The country's new military leaders had managed to convince themselves of a number of old notions, including even those own claims that the June 29 elections, which may have been the closest in Bolivian history, were fraudulent and that their stream of power was necessary to save the country from anarchy, communism and chaos.

The country's new military leaders had managed to convince themselves of a number of old notions, including even those own claims that the June 29 elections, which may have been the closest in Bolivian history, were fraudulent and that their stream of power was necessary to save the country from anarchy, communism and chaos. To this end, all Bolivians who had supported a return to civilian rule were potential subversives and had to be dealt with accordingly. They reasoned that even if the regime managed to eliminate all potential opponents, its economic problems will eventually cause its downfall. Bolivia has a foreign debt estimated at \$3 billion, and most of its former financial backers have cut off aid.

I was finally released after spending six days in my derelict closet with the editors of *The Financial Times* and *The Economist* flew to La Paz from London. They read a preliminary statement "lamenting the situation" before the Bolivian press, in exchange for my release. There are very few foreign reporters left in Bolivia, and their actions are more carefully scrutinized than ever before. It is unlikely that much of the activities of Siles Zúñiga and other opposition leaders within Bolivia will reach the outside world, at least for the moment. Meanwhile, the massive numbers of prisoners, including the 19-year-old niece of the Archbishop of La Paz, goes on. Bolivia, which just two months ago was on the verge of becoming another of the young democracies in South America, is now the region's Uganda.



García Meza: "We're going to cut off your head!"



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## Beware the hidden persuaders

By Brian C. Groggins

Instead the other day, that Dominion-Dairies Limited had been forced to a recognition of public interest by the New Brunswick Advisory Council on the Status of Women. The council it seemed felt promotional material for the firm's flavoured milk product called Super 2, was offensive and sexist. It had featured two-age girls in bikinis and a poster showed a young girl in a T-shirt printed with the product name. The council wrote letters to Dominion-Dairies and the Canadian Advertising Advisory Board, with copies to the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission and local media. It also arranged for radio and television interviews in English and French to get across its viewpoint. Other media and wire services picked up the story and Dominion-Dairies ended up and agreed at least to withdraw the promotional material from TV.

Women power apart, this victory by the New Brunswick council is one example of an all-too-visible phenomenon—the undulating and increasingly sophisticated use of publicity and propaganda techniques by all manner of people, organizations and causes.

There is recognition that events make news—"So, let's stage an event!"—and awareness of different media needs—"If we want widespread coverage, we had better hold this one in the day." Formulas as picture content such as pretty girls, children and animals have been noted. Hence the picture I looked at with some revulsion in the Globe and Mail's comments of a five-year-old girl crying a glacial which said DEATH FOR CHILD SEX KILLERS.

As a public relations man who sometimes pursues media publicity for his clients, I am somewhat sceptical in my professional capacity, and as a person I am sure in a number of different reactions: boredom, amusement, admiration, sympathy and shock, sometimes even horror.

The boredom, of course, comes from the repetition in so much of this activity. I am sure, no matter how it is worked for them, it will work for us. "Think goodness for the occasional publicity effort that is at least unusual. I recall, for instance, the two men who, threatened with euthanasia, attended Broadcasting House in London with solemn resolutions of British and Commonwealth.

The amusement I must admit, is generally a subjective reaction to the causes involved. For example, they are the strident voices of groups like the feminists and homosexuals. They have achieved their high public profile, and continue to maintain it, by skillfully keeping themselves in the public eye on the media. Women, I think, have had a real deal since Greta Garbo, and homosexuals, I believe, deserve to be treated like the rest of us, no differently. But the first group has been responsible for introducing heated words such as chauvinism and the strange prefix 'he' while the

second has robbed my vocabulary of a perfectly good and charming word.

I am shocked when the media allows itself to be used in obvious ways, even if it is for very good causes. A few weeks ago I saw TV news coverage of people on a union picket line burning tires on the road outside their plant. However legitimate their grievance, I don't agree at all with the technique which was certainly unethical. And I disapproved of the TV station that covered this unattractive event.

I'm horrified when I see undue coverage of terrorist activities. There have been times when the media, in effect, has provided platforms for the terrorists. I'm particularly horrified when prominent radio and TV journalists try to exploit intended to fix my fears they try to find.

Sometimes a people excuse the exposure they give to questionable organizations or events by saying they provide "a safety valve." In other words, if they don't get out, they will go out. The people or organizations concerned might seek more extreme methods for getting attention. They may be so. But as the principle of "safety valve" means they will go out, they are also likely to go out. The news coverage will put ideas into other people's minds—sometimes very strange minds.

Like it or not, the media—print and electronic—should understand that they have immense influence on their audience. They are complex who set standards in language, attitudes and even in moral values. It's a heavy responsibility which rests not merely with the management and owners of our media, but with the individuals—reporters, photographers, disc jockeys, columnists, editorial writers, producers—who are accountable for content and presentation.

I don't for a moment suppose that the use of publicity techniques is going to diminish. I may only hope the practitioners will become more imaginative, will perhaps find time to do a little studying. Particularly for people with clients, I recommend they try to reach inside the minds of the truly original thinkers who have led and inspired some great movements. Let them study, for example, Mahatma, Karamchand Gandhi, the father of nonviolent civil disobedience. His march to the sea in 1930 to make salt in defiance of Indian British rules was a magnificent gesture which stirred the blood of millions of his countrymen.

Sometimes people become so preoccupied with the exercise of creating publicity that they forget what they are trying to do. It was public recognition and support—to move other people. As someone involved in the process of persuasion, I often recall a quotation from Adlai Stevenson: "When Castro finished a speech," said Stevenson, "the people murmured on how well he spoke. But when Demosthenes had spoken the people cried out, 'When do we march?'"

Brian C. Groggins is a Toronto public relations consultant.

## Profile: Gerald Durrell

### A passionate zoo keeper and other animals

By Mark Adley

Gerald Durrell is a passionate man. The normally living room of his house in Jersey, a British island off the coast of France, is packed with books, animal drawings and assorted knick-knack. Yet Durrell, casually dressed and sunk in a red plush chair, overlooks the room with a larger-than-life presence. He can talk with fluency and vivaciousness about anything from poetry to cooking, politics to music. But underneath the fluency lies the bitterness of a man who has devoted his working life to the even more-gratuitous survival of animals, the saviour of a poorly Canadian. "In India they're going to flood a valley and I heard it said, 'We cannot afford these ecological extravaganzas (saving the animals involved)'. You bloody well can't have an ecological extravaganza." It's his way of saying you can breathe without oxygen.

But we're governed by illiterates."

Durrell is the author of more than 20 books, most of them dedicated by animals, most of them best sellers. Two of his books describe the Jersey Zoo which he founded 21 years ago on the grounds of a medieval manor. Called the Jersey Wildlife Preservation Trust, its aim is to establish breeding stocks of rare species of wildlife and, wherever possible, to reintroduce groups of these animals to nature. In the past three years more than 200 Jamaican Joes have been born there—probably a larger number than remain in the wild. The near of an Indian, but also the delicate ones of Isarn. All the air. Almost wistfully, Durrell is saying that "there's nothing from Canada so greatly endangered of becoming extinct that we would have to save with it here." The Trust, his London, is a last resort.

To keep it functioning in an era of free inflation, Durrell has recently



Durrell and breed: tale of dying species

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launched an international fund-raising campaign designed to ensure that no animal in his care disappears for financial reasons—Save Animals From Extinction, at [sape.org](http://sape.org).

Newdays has been his time among Jersey, worldwide travel, fund-raising and a house in southern France—the house where his brother Larry wrote the *Almondine* Quartet. Durrell, 85, is divorced from his first wife, last year he married Lee Wilson McGowan, 38, a housewife from Tennessee whom he calls “honey” and treats with unadmitted affection. “I have to keep charming away the old boys,” he says, smiling at her mildly. “Between my bank manager and my wife, everybody’s breathing down my neck. To write a book I’ve got

real curiosity. “You go to a *bagderson* in England and you see a handsome standing there. Do you know why it’s called that? Because they thought that a bag would put one of those in its feet and run without sweat. It’s a beautiful farmer, a marvelous thing to have around you. And it helps if you’re suffering from heart failure. But even if you weren’t dying of heart failure, you should look at it—and be thankful!”

Durrell has been giving thanks for wild things almost since his birth in India in 1905. “My father was a civil engineer—he built some of the best bridges in the Great White Way—and he died when I was 2. I have only one mem-

ory: I can pick away a ball of a lot into my years—the most vivid portion of my whole life.” He has written three books about that man, including the delightful classic *My Family and Other Animals*, and there may be more to come.

As a young man he worked as a zoo keeper near London, then made up his private inheritance as three animals—collecting expeditions to the tropics. The need to finance further expeditions drove him to write, a suggestion first got forwarded by Larry. “He was delighted at my success. He’s always encouraged me, always backed me up. We put on tremendously well.”

He was tired of collecting animals

without the word?—Toronto, you lose all of it if you go. I do agree that he contributed more to conservation than they have, with all their trumpeting and their spending of vast sums of money.” In recognition of his work, Yale University awarded him an honorary degree in 1977.

Durrell’s attitude to human society is that of a worried biologist: “You have to have a joking order; it’s simply inevitable, some people are more intelligent than others. Yet, I don’t think it’s a friend of mine, but I won’t play the violin. So why should I make him as inferior as me? Human beings need leaders, need some sense of belonging, some sense of family. This is being destroyed—and over it is gone you end up with like us, a proletarian state of collapse. I know there are people who are better than me! [I hate this awful, fairly dark inferiority that people carry round with them like a wounded woodcock, always wanting to be a pheasant.]

He laughs easily and has the knack of making others laugh with him. But his mood can change as rapidly as April weather. When asked why anyone should bother about the fate of the Redegans (fruit bat in the Indian tropics, has blue eyes flash with anger. “When you are saying to me, ‘What are they to us?’” is it not possible for animals to exist in the world without being of use to us? If I want to, I’ll look at them on the hoof)—but as strongest attitude? Ever since that *F-zing Bible* was published, we have got it in our heads that everything exists for us.” One of Durrell’s most impassioned pleas for conservation, *The Shamarany Ark*, is prefaced by a verse from Genesis in which God tells Adam and Eve to subdue the earth and have dominion over all living things. It is one of the few instructions that human beings have obeyed with enthusiasm.

Durrell is convinced that our time is short. “If it is the next 30 years the amount of time and money that are now expended upon politics and similar activities of the human race, which bear no relation to life, were expended on conservation, we would still have a very poverty-stricken world but we will have a world. Otherwise we will have no world. We can’t exist without trees and animals. We simply can’t exist.” He is speaking almost sincerely, with the kind of awe of a man whose people like to be dead and to die to die. Then he chuckles. “I’m 84 years old, I’ve had an absolutely marvelous life. I’ve been very, very privileged. But that is a very selfish attitude, to live it up in the south of France and to me doesn’t I care about what is going on.”

Only once does he risk, run-and-blake-carran race turn sarcasm and only “We’ve just discovered that the

sunlight will help to cure leprosy. These runner chairs for the sunbather! So now he’s No. 1 Chap. So now we might see him, for a world that’s already so greedy with overpopulation that it can’t trust.” Durrell reserves a special snarl for the suggestion that people in the Third World might not be able to afford to conserve wildlife. “Don’t use that term Third World—I cannot stand it. It was invented by some anti-imperialist journalist in a gesture. If you want to make people feel inferior, invent a phrase like that. It’s all one world, isn’t it?” His head quivers with indignation and he turns a look at his wife. “I’m in good light today, aren’t I?” He finishes on point, that conservation and the advancement of a country go hand in hand.

In the blink of an eye, his expression changes from a part in an eye’s and his glances again at his wife in one of his characteristic, nervous changes of subject and mood. “I’ve just decided that Brahms was a terrible old fart.” Laughter cascades through the room and out the windows to tumble across the sea, where it mingles with the calls of dying species. ☺



Durrell, and some of his animals: a cat who's happy to be in his paws

to get the an elderly, rather rotund squirrel on a wheel.”

With a gap for all occasions and an almost total lack of sensation, Durrell is a journalist's dream. Anyone less colorful, less happy, is less outrageous, might not have accomplished so much. The pale grey man of his book, hair and beard betraying his advancing age, and a protuberant belly betrays his love of good food (including red, green and venison)—but it's a wonder to suppose that an old man with a pouch near up Gerald Durrell. He is a sensitive, comradely man whose love of the natural world goes far beyond biologi-

cal. He's of the getting into bed with him and of him telling me a story about the three bears.” As animal story, of course. After his father's death the family moved reluctantly to England, and then at 25-year-old Larry's suggestion to the Greek island of Corfu. Much of Durrell's life has been spent on islands, and his first specialties in the fauna of obscure islands (Mauritius and Rodrigues) which no other man exhibits. His childhood was the stuff that everyone else's dreams are made of. “We had five years of intense life in Corfu, of total freedom because we were uninterested about financial things. You

decided to languish in other people's zoos, and after a long struggle founded his own, mortgaging his future and the animals and dairy cows of rural Jersey. The early years were a constant battle for mere survival, but today the Trust has more than 15,000 members, some 900 of them in Canada. “The important thing I've done in my life is the animals of this place. But I've been very lucky. If I hadn't had the absolutely staunch backing of my membership, I couldn't have done it. We've only taken one something looking I want this place to be small but perfect. If you get too big, like the London Zoo or—dare I

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Tourism is important to all of us

COOPERATION WITH THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT OF CANADA

**Dateline: Perth**

## On the road to Noonkanbah

By Philip Grenard

**W**hen the 58 women semitrailer drivers set out early in August, they were late for work and had substance registration plates fitted to their vehicles. Their job was to transport a point of rage 240 km up the dusty North West Coastal Highway, over countless hundreds of shimmering spinifex and gum trees, from Perth to an aboriginal station in the remote Kimberley. Brian of North Western Australia.

The reason for the disputes, and the \$4,500 payback handed to each driver, was that the Thebets Workers Union had blackballed the convoy. The union supports the two-year stand by Noonkanbah aboriginals against drilling by Arco Petroleum with the permission of the West Australian government. The drilling site lies in the lee of Port Hill, under which the aboriginals believe reposes the Great Gaama Spirit of their Demarnier, the spiritual guardian of the land and people.

Apart from a short-lived gold rush in the 1880s, the Kimberley Basin has been left to grazing and nomadic aboriginals. Four times the size of England, the Kimberley Basin is inhabited by just 15,000 people. It is the last stronghold in the western half of the continent of the aboriginal people, who now number about 70,000. But white man's need—and greed—has disturbed the peace of the land. The barbarians of the disruption were the goldminers who brought back tales of oil and diamonds from the back to their masters, the big international exploration consortium. It was the prospect of an oil find that made West Australian Premier Sir Charles Court and his right-wing Liberal government decide to go ahead with drilling in Noonkanbah without the consent of its 180 residents. After prolonged negotiations, Sir Charles admitted losing patience. He was still ready to talk to aboriginals from Noonkanbah about other issues, he said, but not to outsiders who had been scuzzing and stirring them up.

While the convoy drivers were being recruited early last month—in interstate, the union claimed—the Western



Australian State government embarked on what can only be described as a campaign of vilification of the aboriginals. "It brought gossip from period and impartial observers alike," said The Melbourne Age's correspondent in Perth, Robert Delfield. There were rare leaks from pro-government newspapers almost every day. The aboriginals had too much land; they were alcoholics who used only to drink and play on-up (a gambling game with cards). No wonder that in the time the entire set out, the press was producing a High Noon at Noonkanbah at the end of the track.

But with Australia's union movement behind the aboriginals it was doubtful whether the convoy would reach the aboriginal station. Unions and aboriginals mounted picket lines and roadblocks at creeks, bridges and turn-offs along the route. With police eyes up front and motorcycle outriders warning, the convoy had no trouble breaking through the obstacles usually without slowing down from its cruising speed of about 80 km/h. About an hour officials were arrested for obstructing the road but only once did the convoy halt, spent four overnight stops. This occurred at Paddy Tubb's Creek before, 50 km east of Port Hedland, where 168 aboriginals staged a sit-down protest and the police had not quite finished removing them when the convoy arrived. It was on its way, again in four minutes.

The union and aboriginals made their last stand on a dry creek bed on the Noonkanbah access road, a few kilometres from the historical Agnes police, emerging from 30 cars, drove them while gunners pushed sand cars blocking the road. Some 100 people, including five United Church clergymen, were arrested.

The way was now clear for the convoy to enter the fenced-off drilling con-

cession carrying oil rig on route to Kimberley, while most a need and greed.

But what looked like a rout for the protesters could still be a victory. At the intersection of the road to the station, a picket line went up from the aboriginals. Word had just arrived from Perth that the 15 key rig operators had voted not to work the equipment.

Bob Hawke, president of the Australian Council of Trade Unions (ACTU), said it meant drilling could not take place until agreed after had been stopped and drill sites negotiated. No one was more pleased to hear the news than Stephen Hawke, son of the ACTU president, who is spokesman for the Noonkanbah people. Sir Charles Court, however, had other ideas. There was talk of foreign operations being imported to do the job if the Australians refused, and Sir Charles pointed out that ACTU had predicted that the rig would not reach Noonkanbah. "But it is there," he said, "and we also kept our promise to force in the area. We have four eyes doing it alone."

Gill Barr, secretary of the Australian Workers' Union to which the drill operators belong, and any move to work the rig with nonunion labor could have international repercussions. "If the premier wants any drilling done at Noonkanbah," Barr said, "he will have to go up to reception and take the rest of his cabinet with him at such a stage."

For the moment a land of peace has returned to Noonkanbah, but land rights for indigenous people is a volatile issue in Australia, as it is in North America. And The Sydney Morning Herald was not alone in calling on Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser to intervene "for the sake of our image abroad and harmony at home." ☐



**Rum that reflects your good taste.**

# Chicken one day, feathers the next

By Maria Jackson

**B**arry Koroluk is a professional bull-rider from the small Peace River town (pop. 380) of Edgemoor, Alta. At home, Koroluk does a few cattle and horses, but for the past six months he's been travelling to rodeos in a white Ford pickup truck with two empty gun racks and a well-travelled windshield,

he doing very well, and if he took home any of that he'd be lucky. Canadian bareback champ Steve Dunlop of Turner Valley, Alta., made \$38,000 in rodeo last year but he spent \$25,000 making it. It makes no wonder why there it is the first place. But it's an individual's sport with a family apart and a high premium placed on having a good time. "If you took a bunch of

bulls and no hats on the belt. They have a man like Wally, Wolf and Dorian, and they come from teams called Monitor, Pelukio, Dagwood and Dredgale, Alta. They ride horses called Knott Lee, Hard Twist and Big Red, or bulls named Ranger, Rosy, Corroo and Deep Drop. Rodeo stock the arena, too—as well as the man who supplies it rodeo with animals, the stock contractor.

At the Medicine Hat Rodeo, the contractor is Reg Keeler, a big silver-haired cowboy with a fair for the theatrical. "What Betty Orr is to horse, Reg Keeler is to rodeo," says Koroluk, as he wears up for his ride, clenching and clenching his right hand. Keeler is behind the chairs, striding up and down giving orders. "Move him up, turn that sucker around," he yells to a cowboy trying to get a horse pointed into the chute. "And don't forget him into there or he'll turn on ya." Now it's around, that that guy, Greg, for God's sake, and hand me that wire. I thought I was running a rodeo here, but a God damn day in my own show. Then Keeler notices a bull-rider out in the arena, being chased by one of his bulls. "Hey, Derebe," he yells, right across the arena, "you're supposed to ride the bull, not the fence!" He laughs, hands around, and slaps his cowboy hat against his knee.

Beside him, the nervous young cowboy, waiting to settle down carefully in a loose, relaxed arena. "What are you waiting to get on that sucker and ride him?" says Keeler, whose grinfulness is said to be mostly for show. The cowboy jumps his last damn hand, clenches his teeth, nods his head and the game swings open. The idea is to stay on top of this rough surf for eight seconds, spurring high above the horse's shoulders and holding on to the bridle rope with one hand.

The eight seconds run out, the air horn sounds and a "pick-up man," Gerald Shachar, moves in to help the rider who swings down onto the ground looking shakily, pleased and pale. He walks back toward the gate, bumping the dust out of his black cowboy hat. The crowd applauds his safe ride, rather than his, bareback rider Gene Miller had crashed his vertebrae coming out of the chute.

In the dusts area behind the chutes, the bronco-riders are getting their stirrups set right, and the bull-riders mark positions near the three bridle ropes. At the far end of the arena, the "sundance" seat—the cowboy who expects in the timed events of steer-rolling and calf roping. Bull riding isn't easy, looks the most dangerous, but it is, and bull-riders are the ones who make



hoping to qualify for the Canadian Rodeo Finals in Edmonton this November. Although it's his first year as a pro, he's been doing well, picking up \$600 and a silver tree at the Medicine Hat Rodeo alone. So far, he hasn't had time to see Ureka Cowboy, and it was new to him that headed musicians and fringe bucking jackets were hot items in Manhattan and Toronto. He that the hairiest of Mustangs would soon be filled with folk dressed in cowboys and Indians wearing beavers. Dancers perform and cheer. At the age of 35 Koroluk is a real cowboy, and what he wants to be now is a real rodeo cowboy.

"It takes a certain kind of fool to rodeo," says Koroluk, well aware that his sport is a long dollar away from other professionals, the Dallas Cowboys. If he earned \$11,000 he would

Bulldozing arm wrestling a snowmobile

friends," explained Dunlop, "and you were all paid" down the road enjoying what you were doing, well, that would be like rodeo. "Besides where," Koroluk added, "there's nothing like the feeling you get when you win."

Behind the chutes at the Medicine Hat Exhibition and Stampede grounds, Koroluk joins the other cowboys waiting for their event to come up. There is no such thing as an identity crisis in the cowboy world; then, when one makes an error, it's a mistake on the back of their belt, the other trophy, failures and failures in their hands. They put figure-eight rights of admission tape around their elbows, braced braces on their knees and some of them don't mind admitting that they're superstitious: no \$5



Bulldozing arm wrestling a snowmobile



Koroluk (below), pick-up man Jack Browne rider "B" takes a certain kind of hat



Tipping riding arm (above): Koro's sport



the most disability claim, drawing on a hand set up by the Canadian Rodeo Cowboy Association. But bringing an accelerating steer to a full stop is, slowing the arena with your feet, as some would have it, can be a pretty hard on the knees.

A bull called Three Fly Leap comes into the chute, and Koroluk lights down quickly, on his back. Wearing a heavy leather glove on one hand, he literally lashes himself to the bull, ending up with two wraps around his wrist. Then he latches his shoulders, tenses his arm, muscles, does a cover his hand, and nods. It's a good ride and a safe one, the bullfighter-down. Don't "Shaky" Russell, does his job, deflecting the animal away from the grounded rider so that the horse can see way, and the cowboy goes the other.

The next day, Koroluk is on his way to another rodeo in Bruce, Alta., east of Edmonton. It makes the emphasis fall on "the road." It's a five-hour drive in a north straight line and the highway is as empty as the white Alberta sky. On the dashboard is a package of Copenhagen snuff, a map of the southwestern United States and a back issue of *Woman's*. "Not even," he says, "a traveling buddy, left those there." He has both lost on the acceleration, one crashed over the other.

"Dale Rose, now he was a real cowboy," says Koroluk. "He used to ride bulls smoking a big cigar and wearing a white skirt with a tie." Although Koroluk has a small scar on his temple, "I got looked at the rodeo in Poudre," he says, "but not bad." If he makes the final, if his luck keeps up, he may even make it to the National Finals Rodeo in Oklahoma City in December, where the world's top cowboys compete.

In each season, rodeo cowboys compete in six to seven or eight rodeos a week, sharing rides, driving all night, riding "sundance" (thumbing) and under a gun order of French fries, soft as corruption. They have to please ahead to enter their event, wait for the back of the drive to see what horse or bull they've up and put an entry for to compete. And after all that, they may come home in the red. But next season, most of them are back.

Unlike team sports, rodeo allows for some individual moments of glory and under most pro sports, the competition has not yet edged out the mania. "It's probably the only sport where the more you're competing against and get up and cheer you in the stands," says Wolf Hildner, a horse-rider from St. Albans, N.C.

But, perhaps because rodeo is in the West and the media are based in the East, the sport lacks big money and television coverage which would let the public in on the subtleties of rodeo—



with it do exist. If it's even in a no-fence corral, look interesting, imagine how better cowboys could be exploited.

Last fall the "r" and a rodeo documentary, *Don Corleone*, was featuring bronze-rider Doug Vold from DeWinton, Alta. Vold, along with many other veteran cowboys, was at the Brecon Stampede, where rodeo has been held since 1914. He comes from a big rodeo family; his father, Flory, is a well-known contractor in Colorado and his brother Wayne supported the stock at Brecon.

Vold loomed up in front of the chutes, wearing his legs, adjusting his chaps, wearing a shirt like a vest and mirror sunglasses. Vold has a little more rock star in him than most cowboys, having done some stage work in movies. But even at 35, with 10 gay scars behind him, he's still hooting rodeo in the rodeo and under pressure to win. "If you don't win, you don't eat," he shrugs on the way to Robertson, mounted low ahead in the front of a truck. He turns the radio up and sings along with it in his alto-to-bell voice. Lastly, instead of freed naps, he orders people to "For my elbow," he explains. "To yodel, it's eleven one day, and fourteen the next."

Two days later, Vold is at the north of Robertson headed for High



Shocking big money job: Vold, riding horse broke \$11,000 in doing very well



Prine. It's another long, blue straightaway, through bare country and fields of yellow mustard. Vold is strangely subdued by a lack of spectators, having been on the wagon for the past month. "Last a little money at the moon last night," he says. "Not much." Four hours pass. There's a brief stop for various freed riders—mainframes, ribs, potatoes, even the coffee looks lately deep-fried.

"How was your night?" Vold asks another cowboy at the table who had just come up from Cheyenne, Wyo. Conversational topics usually include earnings, awards, injuries and where to sit on the plane. "Came down in the runway like a stone falling out of the sky," says Don Johnson, a bull-rider from Strathmore, Alta.

At High Prine, the rodeo seems sure to take second place to the lure of the beer parties nearby. In this small north town, 40-year-old meat tycoon-Cole is the Pit Car, a trailer where the carnival workers go to drink. Here, the cowboys compare the angles of their debauched drinks and do their live version of instant replay in which the day's horses, bulls and calves are re-ridden and re-ridden. Shoulders hunch, hands clench, arms go back up in the air. A

green horse comes in and sits down with them, wearing a green cowboy hat. This is a mistake. The green hat is removed in order to be properly "shined." Various cowboys fawn and crowd the hat, shake their heads and pass it on until it comes back with a brown felt like a gem. Then, it is still in the origin of the town Pit Car.

After High Prine, it's down the road to Grimshaw for another stop. Bill Reeder, a calf roping, is driving that time and Tom Ross, a steer wrestler, is beside him. "Bored things got a little worse in the last night," says Ross, referring to a near-train in the lounge of a Peace River hotel. Among other things, a cowboy had come up to a blonde woman at the bar, picked up the shoulder of her T-shirt in his hand and said, "Know what I like about you?" Nothing.

"Most of the time, a cowboy's too busy getting from one town to the next to get into that kind of stuff," says Ross. "But now that the season is almost over, some cowboys are bored and frustrated with time on their hands. It's almost the wrong idea about rodeo."

He stops to buy a shirt on the way out of town and takes it back into the Camanche camp behind where Stuart Deneche, a bull-rider, and Robert Hall, a barrel-rider, are holding court. Several moments later, a crowd comes on



Cowboy Robert Hall sits atop an apple

the riding arena, between the camp and the cab. Hall has had his last shot on.

"Just thought I'd stretch the chest out for you," says Hall, grinning. "Take that sucker off right now," yells Ross. "I mean it. Take it off, Hall. I'm serious."

"He'll have to take in the right arm now that I've won it," says Hall to Deneche, prompting him to drive through the window after him. After subduing Hall, Ross retreats and shows the window shot on Deneche's head, hard.

"Sorry, partner, didn't mean to hurt you," yells Ross, seriously apologetic.

Moments pass. A knock comes in the window. Ross opens it and Deneche pounds his forearm.

"I told you that," says Deneche. It's only.

"Hey, you didn't hurt your side," says Ross, waving his forearm. "This is harder's a four-inch drill pier."

"My foot was traveling 70 miles an hour. I couldn't stop," says Deneche.

Hall's face appears in the window, grinning, with small black flecks of chewing tobacco at the gum line. "His, I mean, what a green and red and green around 1,000 miles an hour!" he asks, his cheeks bulging in recognition. "A frog in the blender," says Hall, and the two cowboys finally laugh and around like comets. "The two are petulant birds," remarks Reeder at the wheel, as he turns the radio up. The sky is blue above, with four kinds of weather brewing up at the scene. Grimshaw is only 30 km away. It's the start of another good rodeo day. ☐

## Talkin' rodeo

Rodeo in Canada's last great secret sport. To most crowds any old cowboy flying off his old animal is rodeo. But to the 500 Canadian and visiting professional rodeo cowboys and their fans the main rodeo seems—saddle, bronc, bareback, bull riding, steer wrestling and calf-roping—are not only a shorthand display of the working cowboy's skills, but a demanding sport, with its own language and etiquette. This glossary of cowboy talk won't get you far on a bucking bull, but it will let you go-round in the bar.

**Backbreaker:** Move back for female rodeo fans trying to acquire a cowboy's \$500 silver bull buckle.

**Bullcage:** Steer wrestling. A cowboy on a horseback leaps onto a travelling steer, grabs the right horn and lever it down to the ground. Similar to one wrestling a non-arena wrestleable.

**Bareback:** A rider, using an eye with a stick to start on a bucking horse for jawily eight seconds, holding onto the leather hand hold of a "rigger" cinched around the horse. Like being hit from behind at a red light over and over.

**Bullriding:** Another one-handed hand ride, this time on top of a crossbred bucking horse. The rider, after a few seconds, is thrown and a Deneche in that corral don't like to skip on people, but bulls don't mind. Bull riders depend on the skill of a bullfighter.



down to keep the bull busy after the rider hits the ground. Like George Impert in the buckle, dry cycles with a set of weights.

**Crankin' out:** To begin a new rodeo session, or start to ride, no in. I said cracked out two weeks ago after being kept up with a broken bull.

**Calf-roping:** A timed event in which a mounted cowboy ropes a running calf, his horse on hold, at the end of the rope flips the calf, lies up three feet with two wraps and a half hitch, all in a big hairy take a day's work on the range performed in under 10 seconds.

**Cass:** Amusing or crazy, as in "That Rob act, he is a cass."

**Cold strake:** A string of bad luck.

**Heer:** A mounted cowboy who helps keep the steer running straight at the Western world moving on the other side.

**The trap:** The space behind an animal in the chute or the stock car where a cowboy can get kicked or crushed as in "Now if you break your arm Allen? God caught in the trap."

**The box:** The area beside the stock chute

where the steer-wrestler or calf-roping was on horseback for his steer or calf to be released. He is a good horse in the box.

**The wall:** The place a bull-rider doesn't want to be at the end of a ride. The danger zone, looking like a wall.

**People string:** A short rope used by the calf-roper to tie up three of a round calf's feet. The cowboy on horseback carries the round end rope in one hand, passes with the other, holds the rope, string in his left and whistles. Too it's really good.

**Point:** Trough, half-bush, stick, as in "He has the nearest stick that point."

**To bend:** To have an. One cowboy to another "I hate where a rodeo bull with a married couple, cause they're always find in an arm over eye and try to bend to."

**Buckin':** An all-purpose term denoting anything or anybody, as in "Now that sucker up into the chute" or "I drive past that sucker every day."

**How jump:** To get mad (human) to jump in the air with four legs (animal).

**Go away:** To get road-weary or tired of rodeo life (human or animal). As in "Usually not a good bid to ride, but he's been under a little poor lately."

**Get in a wreck:** A human/wheel pickup in the arena.

**Red cow's mistake:** He doesn't know.

**Rigger's bag:** A bag for rodeo gear, usually made of bucking canvas. It's a usually a cowboy hat, but could be anyone if he's wearing a hat covering a rigger's bag and walking off. He is a rodeo cowboy. N.J.

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## Letters

### Ready for takeoff

In his article *Can Reagan Run Against* (World, July 21), William Scobie referred to the "innocent, no-term urban outlook of Detroit," where the Reagan (see convention was held). As a U.S. citizen and now as a naturalized Canadian citizen living in Southwestern Ontario, I resent Mr. Scobie's 39-year-old labelling of Detroit. Granted, it is not without problems, but what Nordic American city is? Mayor Coleman Young has brought Detroit out of the depths to a new respectability and to a true renaissance.

OSWINE BADGER, CHATHAM, ONT.

As a Canadian living in the United States, I enjoy the authoritative coverage of world events from the Canadian point of view provided by *Maclean's*. However, on the Contents page of your July 22 issue there is a summary of the Ronald Reagan cover story that was an incorrect Ronald Reagan cannot be the first challenger in U.S. history to defeat an incumbent president. Several U.S. presidential incumbents have been defeated the first was John Adams, second U.S. president and defeated by Thomas Jefferson, the latest was Gerald Ford, defeated by Jimmy Carter.

REICHARD BRON, DEERFIELD NORTH CAROLINA

### A belt on safety

Andrew Weiner's article *The Smaller They Are the More Often They Fall* (Transportation, July 14) was, in my opinion, distorted and one-sided. While no one in aviation is proud of the still-aircraft accident record, the fact is that light-plane flying can become the safest and the most rewarding form of trans-



The unveiling of a plaque, May 19 and Ronald, 30-year-old labeling of Detroit.

portation. Aviation is less than a century old and in itself it is not inherently dangerous. But to an even greater degree than the car, it is terribly unforgiving of any carelessness, incapacity or neglect. Road airplanes are becoming safer and the new environment in which they will operate will have many superior safety features. As a guest of course, the U.S. National Transportation Safety Council calculates that, on a basis of passenger miles traveled, small aircraft accounted for 36 deaths per 100 million passenger miles while commercial flying for non-fatalities was 50.

BOB PEPPLER, KENTON, CANADIAN FLIGHT, OTTAWA

As a pilot of 21 years, I think Andrew Weiner's article on transportation was total garbage.

JACK DICKSON, COURTESY, B.C.

### Silence, please

Although an informative and fairly pure of journalism, David Livingston's article, *When Bookies Get In* (Art, June 28), detracted from itself as the writer by his use of a pejorative strategy—"one of those press-bred public librarians." As a voracious librarian, I thought it offended my colleagues in public libraries which the author seems to have singled out. Paradoxically, today's public libraries in Anywhere, Canada, could just as easily be a press-bred media. The dictionary defines genre, used in this sense, as slang terminology for a stupid and uninteresting person. I perceive no comedy or attention-grabbing value in such a flimsy and weak story. If, though, it is thoughtless that one librarian is charged with the non-sequential "job" of having at some time not stopped to Mr. Livingston's omniscient.

MARY JACKSON KROSTON, ONT.

### Backslap in the U.S.S.A.

Barbara Amiel's review and tribute to Alexander Solzhenitsyn as the most refreshing such article I have read in a long time (backslap in the U.S.S.A., Books, July 14). Alexander Solzhenitsyn, has not changed, he is proving to be the rock upon which the American critics have broken themselves and will subside. His objectivity and honesty are self-evident. Thanks to Barbara Amiel for reminding this trait.

GREGORY CHRYSTAL, B.C.

### Dome, sweet Dome

As an Arctic resident, news in environmental studies for 17 years, I am concerned by the generalization on northern developments in *Drilling Around With No Shell Solutions* (Environment, July 21). Petroleum exploration has been going on in the Beaufort area for 20 years and has been all-around for four years. It is the most researched and regulated exploration program in Canada and possibly the entire world. Two years before any Beaufort drilling there was a \$10-million baseline research study carried out by government and paid for by industry. This research, including such as possible oil spills, has reassured Reference to Dome being "caught off guard" to report 22 minor oil spills in 1979" is out of context, in my opinion.

PAUL HILL, PETERBURG PLANNING CO. SURREY, BRITISH COLUMBIA

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply their full name and address, and send correspondence in letters to the Editor, *Maclean's*, 141 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario M5P 1K7.

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- 1973 George McGehee, Edmonton
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- 1971 Don Wright, Winnipeg
- 1970 Ken Lumsden, Saskatchewan
- 1969 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1968 Ed Sprague, Toronto
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- 1966 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1965 George Reid, Saskatchewan
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- 1962 George Reid, Montreal
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- 1972 Wayne Morris, Calgary
- 1971 Wayne Morris, Calgary
- 1970 Tom Brown, B.C.
- 1969 John Barrett, Hamilton
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- 1967 Rick Gray, Winnipeg
- 1966 Roger Wynn, Edmonton
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- 1964 Ray Vaughan, Ottawa
- 1963 Ray Vaughan, Ottawa
- 1962 Tim Coulter, Montreal

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- 1977 Al Wais, B.C.
- 1976 Don Voth, Montreal
- 1975 Charles Turner, Edmonton
- 1974 Ed George, Montreal

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- 1979 Ben Zamboni, Hamilton
- 1978 Dave Fennell, Edmonton
- 1977 Don Ripley, Edmonton
- 1976 Bill Baker, B.C.
- 1975 Jim Campbell, Toronto
- 1974 John Bolton, Calgary

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- 1979 Derek Kelly, Edmonton
- 1978 Joe Popkewitz, Winnipeg
- 1977 Leon Bright, B.C.
- 1976 John Scarsia, Ottawa
- 1975 Tom Cavanagh, Toronto
- 1974 Sam Cavanagh, Toronto
- 1973 Sidney Edgman, Montreal
- 1972 Chuck Eddy, Hamilton

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- 1979 Tony Fennell, Edmonton
- 1978 Tony Galbreath, Ottawa
- 1977 Tom Lunn, Ottawa
- 1976 Tony Galbreath, Ottawa
- 1975 Jim Foley, Ottawa
- 1974 Tony Galbreath, Hamilton
- 1973 Gerry Healy, Ottawa
- 1972 Jim Young, B.C.
- 1971 Terry Davidson, Montreal
- 1970 Jim Young, B.C.
- 1969 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1968 Ken Maclean, Winnipeg
- 1967 Terry Davidson, Calgary
- 1966 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1965 Zeno Karty, Hamilton
- 1964 Tony Fennell, Hamilton
- 1963 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1962 Harvey Wyle, Calgary
- 1961 Terry Davidson, Calgary
- 1960 Ben Wynn, Ottawa
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- 1956 Norrie Kassing, Edmonton
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# In the business of labor

In the past 15 years, the Canadian labor force has advanced as women have passed trade unionism in a percentage four times that of men. This has led their demands a new militancy, as seen in strikes by blue collar workers such as the vibrant 1979 union workers' struggle at Fleet Manufacturing near Grimsby, Ont., as well as by white collar workers—a strike at Toronto's York University over pay and personal services the union gave it possible for a worker to refuse to finish coffee for a boss. Right now in the Vancouver area 450 men and women are on strike against Keweenaw truck manufacturing company in order to get equal pay for work of equal value for some women computer operators in their ranks.

Madeleine Parent has played a key role in strengthening the women's labor movement, organizing 26 years experience as organizer in Quebec textile mills. Now secretary-treasurer of the Canadian Textile and Clothing Union (CTCU) and a vocal advocate of Canadian-based unions, Parent believes that women have a long way to go in getting their rightful place in the work force. She has won the concept of equal pay for work of equal value because federal and Quebec law, and limited maternity benefits because awarded under the Unemployment Insurance Act. However, Parent would like to see other governments follow suit on the first breakthrough, and her union is preparing for an appearance before the federal Human Rights Commission to argue that the maternity benefits are unfairly biased. Parent was interviewed in Toronto recently for Maclean's by freelance writer Roberta Green.

**Maclean's:** Why do women earn 60 cents for every \$1 men earn?

**Parent:** The first reason is that women are kept in the lowest-paying jobs. The second is that employers usually give raises in terms of percentages rather than in straight dollars and cents across the board. For example, if the average pay for the women in an office is \$5 an hour and the average pay for the men, who are usually better paid, is \$8 an hour, a 10-per-cent increase means that the women get 55 cents more an hour while the men get 88 cents. So the pay gap grows and will keep on growing until we can enforce equal pay for work of equal value and seniority rights.

**Maclean's:** What, exactly, is the difference between equal pay for equal work and equal pay for work of equal value?

**Parent:** Equal pay for equal work is a lie. Because women tend to be concentrated into certain jobs that men generally won't take, such as typists, all the typists in a great establishment will probably be women. If they're all paid equally badly, they're getting equal pay for equal work and that's precisely little. Equal pay for work of equal value, on the other hand, means that an employer cannot give lower pay to a person because she is a woman. If she is performing

ing a job whose skills, efforts, responsibility and conditions of work are equal to those demanded of a man in a higher-paying position, she is entitled to equal pay.

**Maclean's:** On what basis does the CTCU argue that the present Unemployment Insurance maternity benefits plan is a punitive measure for bearing children?

**Parent:** When the federal government amended the Unemployment Insurance Act to provide maternity benefits, it placed stringent conditions on women. It means that women are required to prove a longer work force attachment than is demanded of other people who also receive benefits when they're off work. If a woman misses out by even a few days, even due to a doctor's recommendation, she loses all of her 16 weeks of maternity benefits. She must contribute to the plan for 26 weeks in order to collect, and a woman on strike receives no benefits.

**Maclean's:** What does a lack of maternity benefits cost women in the long run?

**Parent:** To bear children, a woman has to pay in terms of her job, her seniority rights and her right to retraining and retraining into jobs traditionally held by men. You see, without proper child care services, women still often have the main burden of rearing children, and a 15-week leave even with an additional two waiting weeks just isn't enough. Without a collective agreement for a leave of six months to two years, a woman may well have to give up her job and lose all her credits. As a result of

**Parent and an Alberta nurse's strike:** Equal pay for equal work is a lie.

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having two or three children, a woman may find herself back in the work force 16 or 15 years later as a new woman with no rubies.

**Maclean's:** Why has 66 per cent of women become unionized as a right?

**Parent:** That's because most of the people joining unions have been public-sector workers—government workers, teachers, newspaper journalists and professionals—and most of those workers are women. Not only that but they have chosen Canadian unions in order to keep the means of controlling their organization right here in this country.

Central outside leads to bureaucracy and contempt for the rank-and-file Canadian.

**Maclean's:** With that apathy in female union membership, why do women in unions still only comprise 27 per cent of all women workers?

**Parent:** Those figures reflect the fact that women tend to be in three tall largely unorganized job ghettoes: office jobs in banks or large corporations, sales jobs in retail stores and service jobs in restaurants and hotels.

**Maclean's:** Why is it particularly hard to organize workers in trade and service

workers, which employ 21 per cent of all women workers?

**Parent:** One major barrier has been a history of trade unions in dominated by an American worker-type who comes up here to represent people into unions.

Women bank workers didn't want to be a part of that. Second, bank branches are fairly small units where male managers give women the idea that they're all friends. That close relationship obscures the fact that the bank manager is a boss just like the superintendent in a factory.

**Maclean's:** Why do women still make up only 17 per cent of union executive boards?

**Parent:** First, women in job ghettoes are among the lowest-paid workers and therefore often get less respect and recognition. Second, most women not only work a 35- to 40-hour week on the job, but they also do another 20 to 30 hours of work at home, which makes them less free to participate in union activities. Without participating as a consistent basis, women don't know the general conditions and problems are then aren't able to argue convincingly about their own problems as women workers. Beyond that, women have to convince their families that they have a significant life of their own and that the unions have to do their share so that mother can look after her interests in the wider world.

**Maclean's:** What other major issues do you see still facing women?

**Parent:** For one, we still need public facilities for child care. It's crucial that there be public facilities because child care provided by private sector employers can easily lead to paternalism and other abuses. Another is sexual harassment, particularly in white-collar jobs. Not only should laws require codes prohibit it, but women must organize to protect themselves both against sexual harassment and the demand to perform personal services that demean them. Finally, issues must be fought for immigrant women workers to learn English where necessary and to leave about their rights under the laws of this country so that they can overcome the fear of unjust discharge and articulate their just demands. By organizing and participating in unions that respect them, these women have a chance to achieve better status and to fight to improve their conditions as well as those of all workers.

**Maclean's:** Of all these, what's the most pressing issue?

**Parent:** I can't think of anything I feel more strongly about than the cause of immigrant women. We have to be concerned about the people on the bottom of the ladder. ☐

World

Maclean's



## Poland back from the brink

By Michael Dobbs

The unthinkable nightmare for Poland's Communist rulers finally became reality last week. The workers' strike was faced by a rebellion of its working class—and at week's end, after days of tense confrontation, it was the miners' nerve that cracked. Having and all along that they would have nothing to do with representatives of hundreds of thousands of strikers who had all but brought the country's battered economy to a halt, the government came around to the strikers' way of thinking. A secret meeting was convened on neutral ground in the silver port of Gdansk on Friday and the following day, a commission reportedly appointed earlier to investigate grievances (the strikers at first would have nothing to do with it) finally got together with the workers' leaders—in the workers' terms.

Throughout the week the action had been dominated by a large sensitive hall dominated by a Polish flag and the national symbol, the white eagle. Under the broadening gaze of a statue of Vladimir Lenin, strikers' leaders passed dozens of resolutions calling for sweeping political reforms, including the abolition of censorship and the establishment of free trade unions.

The headquarters of the strike, which



Karol, Giermek, and (top) striking workers outside Lenin shipyard at Gdansk, the Soviet bloc's worst crisis in a decade

spread rapidly to other parts of the country, was the giant Lenin shipyard in the centre of Gdansk. Here the strike wave in the Baltic ports began with just a handful of workers by week's end that had ballooned to more than 100,000 in the Gdansk region alone, with tens of thousands more out in support of the coastal ports and in such vital and, from the Communist standpoint, equally prestigious industrial enterprises as the Nova Huta steelworks in the south—and the Polish authorities were openly admitting the seriousness of the situation. There was no doubt, if slanted, coverage of the strikes in official newspapers, and, an earnest

development, the Communist Party newspaper *Trybuna Ludu* called for a full-scale political struggle against what it described as "anti-socialist elements" set to destroy the motherland.

Equally ominous was the reported movement of troops along the East German and Soviet borders. Large-scale military manoeuvres were scheduled for later this month. Although they were planned before the unrest, they were quickly associated with a hard-line statement by East German Deputy Defence Minister General Strohitz stressing the duty of every socialist country to defend socialism wherever it came under threat. Exactly the same argument was used 18 years ago to justify the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia and the resulting of Alexander Dubcek's brave experiment in "Socialism With a Human Face."

In Poland, as the lines outside the nation's food shops lengthened and reports of gunshots began in the Baltic states, attitudes on both sides appeared to harden during the week. The government refused to recognize the existence of the integrated strike committee set up to negotiate on behalf of the striking workers. To do so would, it feared, be tantamount to recognizing free trade unions. In response, strike leaders forbade their supporters to negotiate directly with a government commission

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Again, in an apparent attempt to sever the grapevine along which strike information from one centre was fed to others (and to foreign journalists), the authorities arrested 14 leading dissidents from the workers' Defense Committee (KOD). Among those detained was Jacek Kuron, KOD's spokesman, who had been renting the information service over since an increase in meat prices on July 1 shocked off the unrest.

For a time, it seemed, events were heading up to the Soviet bloc's worst crisis in a decade. Poland, with its crumbling economy and strongly Catholic population, had always been the Kremlin's weak point in Eastern Europe. Over two previous uprisings, in 1956 and 1970, riots caused by political and social unrest brought down governments and at that time, too, the country's Communist rulers appeared to be based in White Russia rather than in the country's own cities. This time, however, the government would supply the need for drastic changes in the system, they were also aware that even maximum repression might not end the strikes.

For Polish leader Edward Giersek, who survived similar but less widespread unrest in 1976, the unrest represents both his biggest challenge and personal tragedy. Giersek came to power after the toppling of his predecessor, Wladyslaw Gombkowski, in December, 1970. He promised dialogue and consultation with the workers in order to prevent the same situation from recurring. Despite wide economic progress in the 1970s, the process went largely unfulfilled—such that this year a secret report to the government admitted the country was in an extremely volatile state and the current crisis in the making.

As the situation grew worse, pressure was believed to be building up within the party for Gurek's resignation. Then, some members felt, was the last chance to solve the crisis peacefully. As on previous occasions, the psychological impact of a change at the top might induce the workers back to work long enough for social reforms to be introduced in a gradual and relatively peaceful atmosphere.

But the basic problem facing the authorites was their own credibility. A lone striker at the Lens sheppard put it: "We've been lied to far as long that we totally disbelieve whatever we're told." "If they say something's white, we think it's black," another remarked. "Since they take no notice of us in normal circumstances, the only way we have of being noticed is striking."

Inside the shipyard—We gates festooned with flowers from sympathizers and portraits of the Polish Pope, John Paul II, who last week led prayers in Rome's St. Peter's Square for his home-



Comelike and (right) strike with megaphone promises and the unthinkable



Qualitative

Public opinion in Gdansk and the other Baltic ports appeared to remain firmly on the side of the workers—despite the disruption. Citizens encountered in the street were almost unanimous in putting the blame on the government for its inefficient handling of the economy and its lack of openness. Passing motorists gave clenched fist salutes to the strikers as they passed occupied plants.

Apart from the food bans, Poland's already battered economy had suffered enormous disruption. The port of Szczecin, near the East German border, was losing \$25 million a day. In Gdansk, the fleet shipyard was losing \$1 million a day. Seventy ships lay at anchor outside the port waiting to be unloaded and the authorities were having to pay penalty fees estimated at \$2.5 million while they did not know the whereabouts of vessels or large oil tankers. The navy's commander in chief was warning leaders with coal—Poland's principal export—were threatened.

But if the situation at times seemed almost beyond retrieval, there was a

ways a matter on which the government and its rebellious populace stood united the wish to avoid Soviet intervention. And so the Gdańsk provincial governor, Jerzy Kulczyński (The ears were going to have all this earache), said that he would not quarrel with strikers' leader Lech Wałęsa. He seemed that threat had, for the time being at any rate, been removed. The question that remained to be settled, now that everyone agreed was likely to be several days of hard bargaining, was whether the strikers' emotional response to the government's refusal to capitulate to the cry in the Lenin shipyard was "Victory! Victory!"—would be borne out by the settlement. ☐



land and sent an emotional message of solidarity to Poland's Stefan Cardin Wyszynski—most of the strikers were men in their 20s. They were too young to have known the years of 8 talented men in the 1940s and early 1950s and, having grown up in a relatively tolerant atmosphere, unlike their parents, were simply no longer afraid of the state repressive power.

Asked what he had learned from the previous rounds of labor unrest, one replied "That there is power in the masses. If we stick to our demands we don't give in, there is no way in what we can be suppressed." Another said "We are better organized now, better disciplined, and there is greater solidarity between us."

To the accompaniment of howls and catcalls from a raucous meeting of workers outside, I asked the manager, the Lenin shipyard, Klement Gluck, the same question. He was tired and strained from spending night after night on the armchairs in his office. "Yes," he sighed, "they are better organized this time."

## France

## A boiling kettle of fish

**T**he French and English have long chafed over a channel that's both a lifeline and a wedge between them. During the Irish-Eskish Channel, but for the anti-old Anglo-French hatchet. But for the anti-old Anglo-French hatchet, but for the anti-old Anglo-French hatchet, but for the anti-old Anglo-French hatchet.

Indeed, what started out as a simple work stoppage at Boulogne, France's biggest fishing port, to protest planned quotas, then spread to harbors along the Atlantic, Mediterranean and Carribean coasts where fishermen laid down



Feeling both black the part of Mongolia, bounded by Indian men controlling local banks

their nets against rising diesel oil costs, soon began to resemble some mock Battle of Trafalgar. Stringing up a blockade of 50 fishing trawlers with such quaint names as *The Faithful Virgin* and *The Enchanted Duck*, the seamen effectively managed to throw two

countries which have mastered super-sonic flight into oddities: rural China. More than 50 ships beached helplessly outside the blocked French harbours while another 80 sat stranded inside harbours rotting in their holds. The major port of Le Havre lost an estimated \$1.2 billion in a day.

At Roscoff, in Brittany, Spanish truckers who couldn't get their oranges



Suzuki (far left) and children rescued by the government from a candy factory, suffering from malnourishment and disease

They buy the third services for a certain period, usually one year," said an official of the Thai labor department. "A typical price is 200,000-400,000 [baht]. The sum is handed over on the spot and the third is taken away to one of Bangkok's 250 legal, or many are un-licensed, employment agencies," where it is sold to one of the 5,000 factories registered by a recent official survey to employ immigrants. To a rich factory or a limited

One leading Thai union official, Pansa Thawatchawan, says that the government should close any factory employing child labor. But although child slavery and baby-sitting are illegal, enforcement is difficult. Most offending factories say small and unregistered. Some of the worst offenders, officials have found, are small candy makers, where snick legally are needed to wrap each sweet individually.

Out of date sales providing "2000" sales figures at \$50 and the complicity of sales officials, sales are obstructed. So child labor and its offshoots are likely to continue in the foreseeable future and comments at least one respected commentator, mentioning a unlikely fix. Read the business editor of the respected English-language Bangkok Post in a recent article. Solve the problem is not as easy as the headline crackers here and overseas think it is. It's a long slow process and it's not helped when people port accounting figures."

**David Allen**

## Slaves in 'the land of the free'

**S**he is 12 years old, looks perhaps 8, and should be in school. Instead, Sumrit lives in a squatted Bangkok children's home, a section of the world skyline in Thailand's national slum—she is slowly but last week her lot, and that of tens of thousands like her, was highlighted as Thai officials angrily denied reports from a British human rights organization that slavery and other forms of child abuse were ongoing in Thailand.

The charges were made by Tim Roney of the London-based Minority Rights Group, who told of buying two boys, aged 12 and 13, from a professional child-catcher and seeing hundreds of others bought and sold. While Thai officials conceded their child labor existed, they insisted that the children were not abused. But the case at Samsat was still reassuring. Along with 10

There is a desperate cry for aid from the poor, who are being increasingly reduced by economic crisis to a tragically isolated situation in a language-balkanized country. "We are not allowed to leave the working holiday programme from G to A," says a 20-year-old woman from the village of Nigla. "We live in a locked room on the first and floor. We get four meals [22 cents] one a week. They fed us last month 15 days, one bowl of rice, started from spaghetti and vegetable soup." Such details in life at the hotel but of little value more than a few pocket notes to earn up the daily cash market which, along with wide-scale baby-sitting as an item not part of the character of a nation whose family structure remains, ended at the end of the 19th century, at the root of the situation, especially the grinding social and economic poverty of the 18th northernmost provinces, where many families are deeply in debt to non-employees after two successive years of drought.

Such families typically will take one or more of their children to Bangkok's main Hualungpang railway station where the





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press conference at the American Security Council (ASC).

The ASC has a long-standing interest in Central America. In December, 1979, it sponsored the visit of retired General Daniel O. Graham to Guatemala, where he urged Carter to give more open and direct support to the oligarchies of Latin America. (The Gascóns has been billed the sponsor of the visit to the "National Security Council," which caused no little confusion since somebody in the White House's top policy advisory group.)

Recently Graham returned to Guatemala, as well as to El Salvador, Honduras, Argentina and Chile—this time under Benjamin's name. Graham, one of Reagan's foreign policy advisers and the former director of the Defense Intelligence Agency, has told right-wing military factions in those countries that his was, once elected, "will abandon the policy of showing our old friends to the wolves to get along witheking and Moscow."

Last April, D'Almeida, during an earlier visit to Washington, succeeded in meeting the National Security Council's Latin American expert, Robert Foster. The arrangements for this visit were made by a public relations firm called MacKenzie, MacChesney, Inc., headed by an Argentine, Ian MacKenzie. A few weeks later MacKenzie succeeded in placing an editorial on El Salvador in the Washington Star, where he advised the administration to "stop outdoing Castro in Central America."

Until last year, MacKenzie's outfit was a major component of former Nicaraguan dictator Anastasio Somoza's million-dollar public relations and lobbying efforts in Washington. This year the firm has had to make do with the "Guatemala Freedom Foundation," from which it commands fees of \$7,000 a week. The Washington firm of Patton, Bogert & Rose comments these activities on behalf of the Central American Sugar Council and Guatemala's right-wing Alianza del País, which it "advises on all administrative and legislative developments, congressional representation and executive liaison."

If the right-wing Central American lobby has not managed to totally win over the Carter administration, it has at very least created and sustained some powerful friendships. On Capitol Hill these include Senator Jesse Helms (R-N.C.), Representative Robert Rosmar (R-Md.) and the same congressional cadre that proved so effective in pushing U.S. support for Somalia and in blocking the Panama Canal treaty, notably, Rep. Charles Wilson (D-Tex.) and, before him, Abner J. El, Rep. Jack Murphy (D-N.Y.). And, of course, if Ronald Reagan is elected it is one expect to do a great deal better. ☐

# Nails for the rhetoric of rage

By Robert Lewis

The nail-biting behind-the-scenes feature of last week's premiers' conference in Winnipeg was not so much the rampage of a House on the Prairie divided, but the manner of its deliberation. By long-standing practice, many key players held news conferences announced only in reporters from their respective provinces. Ontario and Alberta officials even barred "outsiders" from sessions with Bill Davis and Peter Lougheed—acts that relegated wider understanding of their moves to the twenty-kay of rugby-style scrums. There is now better access to the views of foreign delegations at economic summits abroad than there is to premiers at home. As even Foster (who happened on the way to the final press briefing nine otherwise irreplaceable backlogs caught a dose of stage fright and dispatched host Premier Sterling Lyon to face the 100 media messengers all by himself), the newly reluctant and stung separately—but simultaneously—news conference.

The pushing process spoke volumes for the flimsy compromise the premiers shied out of their two-day session. The tormented growl of their constituents' heavily assembled rights last politicians. From their own press secretaries resulted to such descriptions as "hubs" and "mush" in speaking mainly through their chosen, the premiers fuelled the growing library of misunderstanding and confusion that hangs over interprovincial affairs on the eve of September's crucial constitutional talks in Ottawa. In escalating their rhetoric for home consumption, the premiers en-

*"Ontario and Alberta, this time, opened doors to press conference collection by a few key players."*



Davis, Lyon, Lougheed and New Brunswick's Richard Hordick: a dose of stage fright

phoned the crowd of disgruntled rather than soothed. The nation knows what they are "aggs" but not always what they are for.

The final compromise on the constitution was striking mainly for its concision. Lougheed, Lyon and other hawks wanted to lash Ottawa for stepping up the pace of the talks. Ontario and the Atlantic provinces did not—and they prevailed. Instead of a strident assertion of province power, the conference woundled Foster's English usage by insisting that "provinces, as the original components of the federal system, and whose governments in the vast diversity of Canada are closer to the people, be not weakened but reinforced." In one of the many drafts that were discarded

in a three-hour wrangle there was, in the words of an Ontario official, "wording that got dangerously close to the 'necessity-of-cooperation'" imposed by PC leader Joe Clark. Because of objections from Lyon to a charter of rights, the conference walled in proposing protection for individuals only "by the most appropriate means." The 10 did reiterate their long-standing view that a new division of powers should come in tandem with agreement on subjects closer to Pierre Trudeau's heart—partition of the constitution from Westminster and American-style written guarantees of rights for citizens. The premiers also rejected as "artificial" the federal effort to make the September meeting a deadline for decision on 22 areas ranging from a new Senate and Supreme Court to control over resources and cable television. On





**Journalists' scorn:** Davis is wrongly who gets the spotlight or might even chase it?

tario was alone in affirming that, unlike commoners, the feds had every right to go ahead with unilateral action.

The audience—again, Ottawa distasteful—understood Ottawa risk of an export loss as natural gas and electricity as "a direct attack upon provincial proprietary rights over resources," and it called for an accelerated move of domestic oil prices toward oil levels. As for the over-all economic situation, the province called for a second first-ministers' conference before year's end.

As they have for most of the past 25 years, the premiers left town proclaiming their control. Quebec's René Lévesque went so far as to characterize the talks as "serious and friendly"—which indicates how a referendum, long one term socialist thoughts away from sovereignty-association, to staying in power. Davis all but scanned from his limbo, knowing full well that the appearance of defending the national interest against provincialist handouts for good politics back home when an election is looming.

Huegung was the word for the mood after portions of a leaked memo to Trudeau from his chief lieutenant, Michael Pfaender, were published by the Ottawa Citizen on the last day of the Winnipeg conference. Aides to premiers gazed at the photographer for impressions of a strategy "laying out a federal contingency plan, lest the constitutional talks fail. The proposal, part of a scenario for "a very difficult session indeed" this fall, suggests an early recall of Parliament—the week of Sept. 24, instead of Oct. 10—had a special debate on a resolution to postpone the constitution, even if the provinces don't agree—while they don't. Pfaender speculates that a fraction of parliamentarians could delay the long-overdue budget, disrupt plans for a major energy package and shove several important bills.

Many Newfoundlanders saw the head of a Mackandal in the link, which they suspect was aimed at disrupting the talks in Winnipeg. A senior Ontario official speculated that Jose Chelton had lost out to Trudeau's office in arguing that an intense summer of intergovernmental

talks would produce consensus. Loughheed looked ahead to the September meeting and spoke for many premiers: "I can't be optimistic." Ontario Interprovincial Affairs Minister John Doherty, with Ontario, also serving: "We are not overly concerned."

Davis' unshaken confidence of Trudeau's goals has the other provinces watching publicly about both how Loughheed strikes that the Ontario pre-

mier is "settling in Mr. Trudeau's lair" Liza Jackson that Trudeau's passion for an entrenched bill of rights is "a trendy little idea." Fearing the loss of "thousands of jobs" and reduced sales, Loughheed asserts that a federal export tax on natural gas would amount to "a declaration of war" against the West.

In Western Canada there is wide support for the rhetoric of rage after years of neglect—imagined and real. Western Tribune columnist Frances Russell is lively in her hatred. "At home are the Western federalists?" Western premiers," she adds, "choose to wrap their own selling of ancient scores in the flag and call it a new Canada. But it is nothing more than nepotism."

While the New West builds the economic case, there is some in the constitutional debate that Trudeau has the numbers. Saskatchewan Attorney-General Roy Romanow believes that Ottawa could win a referendum on the

## Warming up in the bullpen

There have been for the ruling elite since to Ottawa last week—90 young political commentators who look over the plans Senate chambers for next days to run for own Youth Parliament of Canada. While shrewdness and wit are in good favour, Joe Delabastola or Lloyd Aukema—both alumni of the movement—or the floor debate provided with considerably more gusto than a visit to the upper house. There were also a few starting positions. A member who asked the Speaker to please stop allowing bullies gain a motion, which aimed to get unanimous consent, declaring the chair all dead, an unwelcome flourish over permission of a shifted Parliament dead bench in the face of the two-capitulated chamber and the leadership of front runners in who on ideological currents and then the Opposition benches. They said to look that at one point former Senate speaker Renaude Laporte, watching from the gallery, instructed: "They're going to break it all down."

But Davis' more moments of eloquence too, and—something rarely seen in this Commons—their words. John Snow, 31-year-old son of Alberta Indian Chief John Snow broke down badly during a moving speech on his culture heritage. We were among the in country, he said, a way of life we had a long way we were not taught," he said, his voice broke from tears. But a good many of his colleagues showed signs of having practiced too long in front of a mirror until they looked and



**Young parliamentarians in Senate, Frank MacDonald as speaker "break the dam"**

sounded like little Joe Clark.

They didn't offer much from their sides in brief remarks either. Although the Youth Parliament's nonpartisan, most of the debate in Ottawa last week would be comfortably into the Liberal, Tory or New Party—no extremes at all left or right. They stem above all else a commitment to the parliamentary system and a determination to work for change from within. Says Bill Mackenzie, the 20-year-old Youth Parliament president, in the YPs he wanted to stir everything down, but these kids are different. They want reform—but they believe in structure.

Steve Riley

constitution in his province—probably even in Alberta. The Gallup poll taken to help voters choose between a referendum would be 1,067 for Trudeau's pet projects: 51 per cent for a bill of rights, 80 per cent for sharing of wealth, 41 per cent for constitutional guarantee that minorities can be elected to their own language, 78 per cent for patriation.

Working from this base in the glare of next month's televised conference, where conflict cannot be buried in compromise, Trudeau will explain differences among the provinces. They were angry enough about their disputes when they closed the doors on the nation in Winnipeg. The tension was palpable when Davis opened with a complaint—that Lévesque had an advisory and he did not in a playful parody, Lévesque responded that, typically, he had taken the initiative and demanded one. Lyle quipped that everyone seemed Davis simply would take one. That, Davis parried, is presumably why the chairs in the legislative chamber are so high to the floor. The barometer said, it was one of the few times the conference ended down.

## Newfoundland Fish story (to be continued)

Even the province's own pessimists of an average inshore fisherman's net income—\$9,000 after working full-time for the seven or eight four-week months of 1979—seemed high to many of the thousand baymen who converged on St. John's for a solidarity rally last Thursday. Stan Anthony from Grates Cove, for example, recorded the highest catch in his Trinity Bay community last year, grossing \$16,000—but that was down to \$6,000 by the time he made payments on his boat and covered the cost of repairs to his engine and whole damage to his nets. No more than any of the others can be afforded to be an strike, but also, like the 10,000 others who were still out after five full-time months, Anthony says "I can't afford not to."

About 15,000 fish-plant workers have also been unemployed, laid off when the inshore men closed to stop selling their catch to the island's 17 processing plants without any money. Freshwater in prices, and the provincial economy was being led by a million dollars a day. Although "a lot of people are hurting," said fishermen Kerne Condon of Calvert, "we know in the beginning it was going to be tough. It is the only way we are going to break the system." That was the spirit that emboldened union leader Rich and Cahan to tell his

solidarity meeting: "We've got it won," even though as of Thursday it wasn't quite set yet.

Cahan, a peppy St. John's lawyer and former MP, has been head of the Newfoundland Fishermen's and Allied Workers Union since the early 1970s, when they first drew ask for the thousands of rights to bargain collectively. But it was not until this summer that the inshore fishermen took up their strike option on a large scale. In the summer spring negotiations they were faced with price offers from the 22 ma-

**Workers on patrol:** "We've got it won!"



jar processing companies belonging to the Fisheries Association of Newfoundland and Labrador (FANL) that, the union says, would reduce their already unenviable incomes to below 1978 levels. After the 22,000-strong union, which represents almost the entire catching and processing work force, declared "no sale" to two plants, FANL retained much a province-wide blockade of its other 10 plants, shutting down the industry overnight.

What made Cahan so bullish was Premier Brian Peckford's announcement earlier last week of a royal commission into practically every aspect of the industry, including power to study self-governed company between sheets. The commission's immediate brief was to recommend 1980 prices, with 60 days in which to do so. The two month's study time was a concession to the omnipotence of it: 50 per cent for various species and also (most important, and tarbed, most disputed, spend).

To both sides the battle line is simple. The unionists predict bankruptcy if they have to pay more. Fresh have dropped in the U.S., destination for 85 per cent of the Newfoundland product, so the prices offered fishermen are lower than 1979's by a cent or two a pound (unhatched for sale). The union insists that without an 11-per-cent increase there will be widespread loss of jobs, and has even called for the nationalization of Fishery Products

Ltd., which controls 48 per cent of the industry. The government must end the threat to the industry that accounts for one-sixth of Newfoundland's gross domestic product—drinking its catch since 1974 and tripling product value to half a billion dollars. So it was with evidence that, 30 hours after the solidarity rally ended, Deputy Fisheries Minister and strike mediator Gordon Stile announced an interim agreement had been reached that would send the inshore fishing fleet to sea again and struck most fish-plant doors immediately. On Saturday, processors were to



begin paying prices slightly better than those in FANL's last offer of mid-June, pending the commission's bringing forward a final settlement.

Geoff Mead

## Regina

## Passengers will please refrain

A mirror of times past, Regina's Union Station stands within the sound of wrenching commuters and construction crews reconstructing the downtown. The 50-year-old station, with its magnificent Tyndall stone-work and art deco chandeliers, has greeted thousands of travellers over the years including soldiers who fought in two world wars, emperors, kings and queens. There was a thriving restaurant that served businessmen and travellers who, in 1954, could dine through a dinner car to arrive at home as Chateau LaRonde-Rochester for a buck and a half. Lamps shined through the station even during the comparatively lean years of the 1880s, with travellers brought for glory on the coasts or to the nearby resort at Regina Beach. Today the station is in most cases a strange but via itself office which serves the 50 or so passengers who show up every day to





click aboard the two transcontinental trains or a day-trip to Saskatoon and Prince Albert. But the venerable building is once again attracting national attention. At Via Rail's request, the western arm of the Canadian Transport Commission will hold special hearings in Regina in early October to decide how the station should be transferred from CP Rail to the federal Crown corporation. The outcome of the hearings will set a precedent for the transfer of railway stations across the country.

The heart of the dispute is the 1978 agreement between CP and Canadian National that formed the basis for transfer of passenger service to Via Rail. The agreement calls for Via Rail to handle all passenger trains, paying for the right to use the rail lines and the stations. In return, CP agreed to negotiate the sale of the stations to Via Rail at "book value"—the depreciated cost of each station plus the original value of the land, which had been granted to CP Rail by the federal government. Via Rail estimates the book value of the Regina Station at about \$1 million. CP Rail, however, has asked for \$9 million, claiming the amount reflects the "true market value." Government-run Via Rail already has had discussions about other stations with government-run CN, which naturally says it is willing to accept book value. But Sheldene McLeod, president of the Saskatchewan branch of Transport 2000, a national public transport group, says if CP can negotiate a higher price, then CN might decide to change its mind. Susan McLeod: "The implication if Via loses its case with CP is that the government are here will apply to all other stations across Canada, whether owned by CP or CN."

Also at stake is a plan by the Saskatchewan Transportation Company (STC) to erect one of its crowded and decrepit bus terminals in downtown Regina and into Union Station with Via. Don Cobb, the Saskatchewan cabinet minister responsible for STC, says the \$6-million price tag for Union Station

#### Station in tumbled days, joining ghosts

"In just out of order. I could put up a building 18 times as large for less money," she imposed a June 30 deadline in 1991 after the station had been closed for 19 months after being hit by a fire. The station was not closed for being damaged after a year of being closed. Now says the company will not wait until after the Regina has begun before deciding whether to renovate its terminal or look elsewhere for a site.

In any event, the grand old Union Station will, one way or another, join the other ghosts in the haunting hallways of the golden age of steam. The nostalgia could be forgiven for wishing the wreckers' bulldozers to be buried. Surely at least something would be better than becoming a home for ghosts.

Jamie Walker

#### Halifax

### Sex and the single church

Like a storm that blows itself out at sea, but spring's protest over the United Church's controversial task force report on sexuality seemed surprisingly dampened by the time delegates to the church's 28th General Council met in Halifax last week. Though there was obvious objection to the report, which comes close to condemning marital infidelity, an outside marriage and homosexuality (one delegate called it "The most dangerous and misleading document to come before the church in my lifetime"), the majority quietly approved it—but only as a study document. Despite predictions that the debate could eventually split the church wide open, most delegates, at least on the surface, welcomed the report as a symbol that the church was willing to grapple with timely contemporary issues.

To some, the report, *Is God's Image—Male and Female*, two years in the making, represents a radical departure from

traditional biblical thought and sets the church on a new path defined by man. London, Ont., Rev. Morley Clarke, an adamant opponent of the document, says the report completely contradicts the Scriptures, which teach that sex belongs within marriage and homosexuality is something that needs healing. "The future they [the task force] would have as a task," he says, "is one where we are not afraid to say with no more to guide us, but just a fairly shimmering light on the path ahead." Others, like the newly elected Moderator Right Rev. Lewis Wilson, push back the notion that the report marks a change of course. "This part of our tradition that the gospel has to speak to contemporary situations," he says, "it's part of the Methodist tradition. John Wesley took the gospel to the people working in mines." (The United Church was formed in 1925, a union of Methodist, Congregational and Presbyterian churches.) Wilson, 53, says the report is simply "an affirmation of something we've tried to do in a more fragmented way for 20 years."



Outgoing Moderator Delays Telfer and replacing Wilson "no time to waste."

The report created a furore in the spring when a brief news story about it was published in *The United Church Observer*. The 160-page document recommends considering the acceptance of homosexuals for ordination, says an outside marriage may be acceptable under certain circumstances and when the relationship is "joyous, caring, life-giving, mutually supportive and socially responsible," and suggests that marital fidelity need not necessarily include sexual exclusivity. While the response at the time was overwhelmingly opposed to the report (fifties head-quarters received 300 letters, 42 to 1



Clarke, "glowering on the poop deck."

against, and the *Observer* ran three pages of "very reaction in June," dismissal at the General Council was surprisingly calm. Delegates comprehensively took force members for their courage, many made suggestions for changes, while others quietly sat back, seemingly skeptical about the report. The report suggested "blessing" past sexual experiences with a neighbor. Rightist veteran minister to no one in particular: "Seven more years and I'll be retiring."

Wilson, the United Church's first woman moderator, says that the church's debate about sexuality will send people back to the Bible for fresh interpretation. "Many people are biblical literalists." She hopes the report will stimulate discussion over the next few years. It will be brought back to General Council in the next two to six years, after which it could become church policy. Wilson says the main challenge is to make the gospel "speak to the human condition—otherwise it won't be useful to my kids." Ironically, many young people attending the youth house of the General Council already have strong opinions on the subject. A Halifax newspaper survey of candidates for youth membership showed the young people overwhelmingly opposed to premarital sex "because it's a sin."

See Column

#### Alberta

### Thanks but no thanks

At first glance the scheme seemed innocent enough: Alberta's 75th Anniversary Commission would distribute \$1 million worth of gold and silver medals—out of \$5.75 million birthday allowances—to honor the province's over-75 pioneers. That commemorative organizers almost drew back their

feeling hands when they offered—sort of a housewarming? heraldic badge of courage for going to make Alberta great—was spurned by many of the province's most senior citizens. Led by 78-year-old Edmonton activist Alice Lalonde—former housewife and now president of the city's Elder Senior Citizens Drop-In Centre—more than 500 signatures were gathered for a petition protesting the medal scheme.

According to the commission's definition, gold medals (valued at \$300.25 at current market prices) will soon be handed out to native-born Albertans 75 years or older. Silver medals (\$60) will go to non-native-born residents 75 years and over who, although not born in Alberta, have resided there for at least three years. For Alberta-born Lalonde, the scheme means senior citizens who have been residents since the late 1940s of the 19th century wouldn't qualify for a gold medal because they were born elsewhere. In contrast, recent arrivals would qualify easily for a silver medal. "A person here three

months and criticism. The commission's early dilemma of how to unload \$70 million with as little controversy as possible was eased somewhat when \$40 million was handed directly over to individual communities to celebrate as they wished. The result: hot-air balloons, craft fairs and travel expenses for touring Japanese dance groups. The most recent community-sponsored honor was the \$400,000 travelling musical Alberta, a two-hour extravaganza—labeled by critics as "over-the-top," "silly" and "an embarrassment"—meant to divert everything from the history of the province to drugs, dance, racing and federal-provincial relations. The staging opera was turned away by reluctant sponsors in Edmonton and Calgary, to be a quick death either this month or the town of Grande Prairie. Then there's Edmonton's "great divide" waterfall. For \$100,000 in anniversary funds (plus \$70,000 in donated supplies and labor), Edmontonians, says folk designer Peter Lewis, will soon be able



years don't contribute to our heritage," claims Lalonde.

In stiring up the scales of Alberta's latest gift game, Lalonde and her supporters are adamant over the fact that despite Alberta's riches, the money could be better spent on other projects. The petitioners have pressing to have the medal money diverted toward a new hospital for senior citizens or an endowment fund for needy seniors, pressing all the more because government estimates of the number of over-75 Albertans were so wildly low that the medals freebies could cost \$31 million.

Despite such creditable anniversary projects as the \$4-million plan to publish a definitive Canadian encyclopedia, the anniversary/commemorative celebrations have largely been marked by con-

to watch an estimated 1,100 gallons of North Saskatchewan River water pumped 175 metres to the top of the high-level dam and dropped back into the river every minute—Alberta's anniversary answer to Niagara Falls.

By comparison, Saskatchewan is celebrating its 75th anniversary with a frugal \$60 million. More than 3,000 events have been organized by 800 community groups on the basis of a 50-cent per-capita grant from the province's Celebrate Saskatchewan program. Alberta's per-capita grant was \$23 a head. Instead of medals, all Saskatchewan senior citizens over the age of 65 will receive a small pin from Premier Alvin Klein and a birthday card from Celebrate Saskatchewan. So far, there have been no complaints.

Wayne Shreeve

# A plane that makes peace with its neighbors.



The jetliner streaks down the runway and soars skyward. Below, blossoms ripen on 300,000 cornfields. The noise continues undisturbed by the muffled hush of the jet's engines.

This is the new DC-9 Super 80. On takeoff and landing, its engines are only half as loud as those on comparable aircraft. The high-noise area around the airport for a Super 80 is shrunk to one-fifth the size of that produced by other narrow-body jetliners.

The Super 80 brings welcome peace to airport neighborhoods, and to airlines, the lowest fuel cost per seat mile of any jetliner, up to its maximum range. Which for the new Super 80, entering service later this year.

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As an attack plane, the CF-18 Hornet can strike land or sea targets with up to 17,000 pounds of ordnance. In its fighter role, the Hornet carries all-weather Sparrow missiles, sea-skimming Sidewinder missiles, plus a 20mm nose cannon.

The Hornet, two planes in one, is now entering service with the U.S. Navy, and has been selected by Canadian Forces Air Command.



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**MCDONNELL  
DOUGLAS**





Prati, a former MP, farms and racks for the love of cars

When the government of Nova Scotia decided to re-create the wartime hit musical *Meet the Navy* to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the Canadian navy, **Jean Prati** was ready and willing to report for duty. Prati, 73, was the star of the original cast that toured Canada and five continents abroad from 1943 to 1948. For this special edition of the show, Prati has retained his 25-year-old overcoat boiler suit, costume to sing the hit song *You'll Get Used to It*, which immortalized his end-rack character. In the intervening years, Prati has been far from a mild sea, however. After resigning his shore business commission, he began a political career in Quebec where he served as the mayor of Dorval and the Conservative member of Parliament for the riding of Jacques-Carrier-LesLac. "One day I noticed that the water turned peculiar and approached its source about it," he recalls. "The pollution around the sewage table was worse than the lake." Prati quit politics in favor of real estate in 1983, but he enjoys delivering his final acts performances in that shell-covered town—Ottawa.

The name *Bojiv* means "Island," although as far as Indian politics is concerned, **Major Gandhi** might just as well have been called "Shrinking violet." Politician turned *Indian Gandhi* is 36-year-old son, whose interest centers on wires equipment, airplanes, his Italian wife, **Donna**, and their two children. But with the sudden death of his rising-star brother **Sanjay** in a street police last

June, Rajiv is being called away from his career as a pilot with Indian Airlines. Moved to draft him into politics started even before Rajiv in the stand-down gave on which his brother's body lay. Consequently, he has been drawn into the periphery of his mother's power just in time to allow him to fight a by-election. Though he is painfully shy, Western diplomats feel Gandhi will accept the mantle of power out of mother love. "He is surrounded by all manner of time-serving sycophants and told that you have suddenly become the white hope of the country in an experience as rare as a normal contact must find disastrous," commented an Indian national newspaper.

After spending the summer commuting between his Oklahoma riding and his quarters in Ottawa, **Star Under the Broadcloth** flew the country for a political holiday in West Germany last week followed by a few days in arctic-rigid Poland. In the meantime his son, **Paco**, 30, was working his way through boot camp—the better to enter the Armed Forces this fall. It seems the son of Broadcloth came under rapid-fire personal/political questioning about his father from his fellow recruits. "Oh, he's just my cousin's uncle," found the response from an obviously politeness.

The U.S. actors' strike has caused at least one star to find work elsewhere—at Toronto's Metro-Goldwyn Park where in the most after-hours last week

was blonde beauty **Carol Lynley**. She and her sister-on-star, **London**, were taping an episode of *The Love Boat* in which they investigate mysterious disappearances at the sea. Lynley, 38, took the job after work on a three-hour episode of *Charlie's Angels* disappeared when actors took to the gutter line. A considerable amount of time all over the world, Lynley says she loves working with the animals. "Although you always have to stay a little behind a large act," she says. "If they're going to attack, they'll always go for the person in front of them."



Lynley from 'Charlie's Angels' to dogs

Hard-line native singer **Billy Bragg**—Mafia's newest hit single right before a re-release of *Melanie's* 1971 hit *Brand New Girl* (remember, "I've got a brand new pair of roller skates")? New champion of the cause of roller skating, **Sancho-Mane** was bitten by the bug when she was scoring the film *Spinal* of the Wind in Venice, Calif. "Whole families were out on roller skates. Now I go out skating just like anyone else goes out walking." Her two-year-old son **De-**

Sancho-Mane and Cody cruise on wheels

vote (Cody) Starobinski, *Worldwide* has his own skates. "But he really likes to ride his tri-cycle slingshot," she says. With her soft white boots, equipped with his steps and soft polycarbonate wheels, knee pads and wrist supports, the remains modest about his new talent. "I don't do any fancy loops or spins. That's not what's happening."

After opening the Canadian National Exhibition, ambassador extraordinaire **Ken Taylor** adorned the technological and smug of 25 government departments at the Canadian Pavilion, his early grin fading only once, upon his own department, wasn't represented. External Affairs had maintained both the two previous years, but the candy-floss act had mainly asked: "After the weekend?" and "How do I land a glamorous embassy job?" and External just didn't find this suitable for the job. *Deputy Personnel Director Michael Kargin* denies terrorist threats are dampening young people's enthusiasm for a diplomatic career. "It's still considered an adventure," he says, "and embassy take-overs are thought to happen to others, not low-profile Canadians." But with budget cuts reducing new entrants to a damn a year he isn't bawling: the recruiting drive. Domestic Information Director **Harvey Lawless** says he prefers spending his \$250,000 budget making documen-

tary films on consular services and activities, or going-on at headquarters. So much so, he couldn't even rough up \$250,000 for a proposed cross-country drive. Did External odd-shoulder the *Koolhaas* Ko? "Definitely not," he says. "Our major investment and superior attraction was Ken Taylor himself."

"When I met my son, you know, I was trust and friendship, but my animals will never deserve me," affirms **Ernie Bertel** as she prepared to "drop out of public life" in such a way as to make *Quinn* look like a piker. The 46-year-old actress has announced that she plans to end her public displays and spend the rest of her life with "dogs, cats, goats and cucumbers." She



Bertel making *Quinn* look like a 'piker'

will, however, spend some time away from the newspaper to quietly make her escape on behalf of baby ants. As she sits it, "How better can a so-called sex kitten dispose of her time?"

"It's trouble with punk is that it's a series. All that glam and end of the world sort of thing," explains **Britannia's Dave Cassidy**, who sings and plays guitar-pride in a quartet called *The Monks*. Though Cassidy and his cohorts **Richard Potho**, **John Ford** and **Brian Wil-** **son** are not, they are not. **Potho** assumed that such songs as *Now Again*, *Slam*, *Along the Fine* and *And God's* *Way* would be instantly spotted as put-on, it took some time. "No sense of humor," shrugs Cassidy. Currently *The Monks* are preparing a "political song" called *Don't Worry No More*, which intends to explain *de-* *lusion* is less than three minutes, and *Deeds* *Delay*, analyzing the problems

of computer leeching. Since their album, *Red Heels*, appears to have rivaled the Canadian imagination, *The Monks* hope to tour here next year. In the meantime, they are concentrating on loving their own bad babies. "Women and alcohol mostly," admits Cassidy. "We also overindulge in squash and snuff, and sometimes we throw darts at each other."

The prospect of golden arches is rising bushes in the arts community at *Harlequin*, one of London's most fashionable neighborhoods. It across the beach object is a planned McDonald's restaurant that would be located a mile away from the garden in which *John Kasta* wrote his *Dele* to a *Mythology* while sitting under a pine tree one day morning in 1971. McDonald's has opened 43 shops in the London area in the past six years and the company to contain the fast-food empire has become a cultural scene. "Mind you, I've noticed against hamburgers or Americans for that matter," says politician **Robin Williams**. "But we want one of Britain into an American junk-food empire?"

Squadron of history and short-term radio *Karl Simonson* of St. John's, Nfld., receives plenty of international mail from foreign radio stations, as it was no surprise to him that a letter postmarked Bulgaria arrived recently. The news it contained was that the 40-year-old had played around in so many competition sponsored by National Radio of Bulgaria. Simonson's submission was 3,000 words titled: *VJ Lewis, Mrs. Works and Accomplishments*. "You have to admit that *Lewis* was a great one," says *Simonson*, despite his anti-Communist bent. The prize for the weighty exposition of how *Simonson* submitted *Lewis*'s guide has yet to arrive, but when it does *Simonson* will be the first on his block to sport a full complement of Bulgarian folk carvings.

"I mention 100 to a doctor today and he'll think you're talking about something to put on his lawn," says *Neil Mink*, author of *Neil Mink's Fitness Bible*. Mink's diet is a super-slow diet—any exercise that contradicts a before might help slow down the aging process, that 100 is only one of the good things Mink says you can supplement your body with for a longer, healthier life. After 10 or 20 years are steady state, Mink maintains that North Americans don't pay enough attention to what they eat. "Look at what is in a box of cereal these days," says the 46-year-old son of a *Windsor* meat dealer. "Kids would be better off eating a box of cereal and that." Edited by *Martha Boulton*

# A jog down memory lane

By Michael Chupdon

I wasn't a banner athlete in Canadian sports history, 1850, but it held some promise. A white team that year had managed the first recorded victory over a team of Indians at their own game, lacrosse. Progress became visible after that, and Canada's first nationally prominent athlete was Ned Hanlon, in the late 1880s, who spread delight at home and abroad by launching a club—the actual and row rings around the world. Last week, as the Canadian Sports Hall of Fame celebrated its 25th anniversary, athletes, coaches and all manner of supporters gathered in Toronto to sing the praises of the country's remarkably diverse and rich sporting heritage, and to induct five new members to the Hall. Borg may be Canada's strongest hand, but the others are filled with other cards, too the memory.

Fifty-seven members of the Hall were in the Friday night crowd at 1,900 at a downtown hotel banquet hall, "the largest gathering of sports heroes ever in Canada," said W. Preston Gilchrist, chairman of the dinner committee. "It's a great thrill to rub shoulders with them." Among them was Johnny Miles, whose business kept him out of the Cape Breton card games and led him to two victories in the Boston Marathon in the 1920s. Anne Huggins, who began to ski at age 4 in Ottawa, then went on to win a gold medal at the Winter Valley Olympics of 1960, remained on the verge of fame. "It'll get me asking for autographs. Not most of it comes from East Germany—never from Canada." And hockey dream goal scorer Richard, autographing programs right and left, said he couldn't remember whether or not he was a Hall of Fame member. "From that," autographed sports writer Andy O'Brien. "They'll lose it in Montreal. It's an expense of the self-effacing guy."

O'Brien, for many years sports editor of *Weekend Magazine*, was one of five new members inducted into the Hall of Fame. Another, Ben Turcotte, the semi-national jockey from Grand Falls, N.B., was confined to a wheelchair by an accident in 1974, but not before he had won America's Triple Crown of horse racing aboard Secretariat in 1973, and piled up \$350 winners worth nearly \$26 million in purses. The shoot-shooting record of inductor Barney Hartman leaves little room for improvement. Believed to hold

more world records than any other shoot-shooter, that among virtuous ones, and in the five years up to 1971, his average was about 96 per cent. Statisticians Galbraith, 56, co-chair of Canada's only Olympic square skating championships, Barbara Ann Scott and the team of Barbara Wagner and Bob Paul, was cited for his innovative coaching techniques. To give his students the feel of high, twisting jumps without the lumps, Galbraith supported them briefly at critical moments with ropes slung through movable pulleys. Austrian Benito Schuba sought out his coaching in 1973, then won world championships in 1975 and

1972. Kenneth G. Murray, who died last October after years as a hockey coach and administrator with the Canadian Olympic Association and other amateur sports organizations, was inducted posthumously.

The Canadian Sports Hall of Fame shares a quiet building with the Hockey Hall of Fame, on the grounds of Toronto's Canadian National Exhibition. Talk about and, the Swedes are the children: young people on earth. They have a phrase of their own for this look: a magnet—is in the stomach. He also has in his stomach, along his nerve endings and in his heart. Because you cannot read him, you are not sure what you're looking at when you watch him play tennis. Is he in pain? Is he miserable? Or is he feeling joy while tearing the play screen from him. He is charged; he is on the ropes or coming into his second wind? Or did he just break his arm?

With Borg you never know. And there is no one asking. He'll never say he's having. Interviewing Borg is like interviewing a motion picture. He never says an unkind word about an opponent. He always says he lost points because he happened played as well. He never says if his arm is broken, either he might think something isn't entirely sound, as he did in the Canadian Open earlier this month, but he'll never own right out and say, "My shoulder, in my knee, in my leg" or however they phrase it in Swedish. And this week he might be feeling awful in the U.S. Open, the one major tournament he has never won, but he'll never say so. All he'll do is go out there and play as long as he can, inseparably.

In the Canadian Open, to show you how he does it, he played to hour and 45 minutes in steamy humidity on angry hard-surface courts on a bare knee, and after winning the first set he felt and white trailing left in the second of a tough match with a Czech youngster named Ivan Lendl, he said to Lendl, "Thank you."

"What for?" asked a baffled Lendl. "I'm getting." Lendl had no idea why. For all Lendl has, Borg's money left him have

## Sports Column

# The Swedish iceberg who plays a \$5-million racket

By Trent Payne

Partly it's inherent. It's how Swedes look. If you ever get on the subway in Stockholm, you'll think you're in the first car behind the mirror. Talk about and, the Swedes are the children: young people on earth. They have a phrase of their own for this look: a magnet—is in the stomach. He also has in his stomach, along his nerve endings and in his heart. Because you cannot read him, you are not sure what you're looking at when you watch him play tennis. Is he in pain? Is he miserable? Or is he feeling joy while tearing the play screen from him. He is charged; he is on the ropes or coming into his second wind? Or did he just break his arm?

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"What for?" asked a baffled Lendl. "I'm getting." Lendl had no idea why. For all Lendl has, Borg's money left him have

grown too heavy. Or the weight of all the endorsements he wears on his clothes—athletes, automobiles, hotel chains—may have overwhelmed him.

All anybody knew was that Borg had said early on, he might have had gained him some, but he said "No problem." At once as he was out of town, though, off to New York to meet his knee while enduring another tour or two of pro tennis, the official physician for the Canadian Open, Dr. John Schenck, re-

wards had like a winner. Think positive. Never let an opponent know you're tired. When I change gear I walk briskly. When up. If he's going to be, think you're making it. Never let him know if you're hurting, you shouldn't be on the court. If you're on the court, you're not hurting.

This is Borg's creed. He always looks fresh. He is always impassive. Implacable, he's made him into a worldwide opponent such as John McEnroe,

Jimmy Connors and the Nastase. To name the three most undisputed tennis players who ever left-handed, he's made him into a public, look childish by comparison. He appears to be nothing past a hole in his concentration. He makes \$5 million a year from tennis, one way and another, but he has agreed to look after the endorsements and a fellow Swede, Lennart Bergelin, so all the machinery at his coach, adviser and manager.

Among all of the world's neutralists, Lennart Bergelin is an exception. He smiles at every thing. Lennart Bergelin's

smile toward Borg breaks into a grin at balls, and rarely moves. He is about six feet tall and a trim player, with blonde hair thinning and stretched sideways across his broadest part. Beaming, he says that what there is for him, some that Borg is in the world is maintaining Borg's frame of mind. "Everything is there, all the shots, so what matters is the mood. The mood should be good to accept the damage."

"Yes, the damage," explains Lennart Bergelin. "If the mood is good then the loss of a game or a set won't make the damage—open knee or hurt his confidence."

And no Borg Borg doesn't come apart when he is in the situation. Indeed, it may be true that no tennis player in history has escaped from as many previous moments. "Sometimes I don't think he's a human being the way he plays," says Chris Evert Lloyd, an iceberg herself.

One thing you can't tell by looking



Richard (Believe), Toronto, and Johnny Gordon (Believe), a new inductor.

# THE BIG THREE FIGHT BACK

The New York Times

Along Highway 3, dipping south and east from Windsor, the ripe, orange, leaved Lexington and the sunny, buttercup. Over the dry crop of cinders they smile, past the ripening tomato, cucumber, and Mexican peppers rippling in the August steam, as past Cottages and downhanging through a wide turn leading further south. In the top of the turn a dust cloud lifts from the shoulder, immediately leaving the freshly painted FOR SALE sign. Norm Doran arrives from his garage toward the produce stand at the end of his driveway. Tomatoes \$1.25 a bushel, "pickles" a bushel—a small goose to the \$140 a week the Unemployment Insurance Commission provides. Back in the garage waits a half-finished beer, an unfinished conversation. Talk of April 12, 1988, the day Norm married Betty, a widow with five children, the eldest 13, measure of the dream honeymoon, and finally the sting of the morning he awoke in Hawaii. April 28, 1980, the day he was officially laid off from a \$9.60-a-hour job in the Canadian automobile industry. A hell of a wedding present. It might help if he only knew what went wrong and why, but though he lifts his cup thoughtfully to look for an answer, there is only sweet tears, and it, too, prickles. "I honestly don't know who to blame," he says. "Do you?"

In a plush Windsor office the thumb of a Chrysler Canada Ltd. executive presses the fast-forward button of a television video system. The set was supposed to catch yesterday's evening news, a live film covering the 'X' car, Chrysler's fingered grip on the future, as the first one came off the Detroit assembly line, but as the thumb smashes

up on the button, the video slows to the tail end of an old black-and-white adventure film starring Tony Curtis. It is *Turn of Mind* and the infidel has the heroes locked to the wall. "Now," he growls in a thick, threatening voice, "who wants to die first?" The thumb smashes down hard on the fast-forward.

To understand the current nervous state of the North American automobile industry, it is necessary to return to late 1979. Not because the industry was entering its all-time production record of 9.3 million vehicles, but because a small country that produces a mere 0.8 percent of the world's cars was an innovation. That was then. On Jan. 16, 1979, the ship left, on Feb. 1, the *Aryatikah* Khamsini arrived, and on May 8 the first gasoline station took place in California, now spreading to other states. It was then that was psychologically even more than legal, the bottom fell out of the bigger-to-better North American auto industry. With the oil price boom, then higher interest rates.

Today, nearly a quarter of a million auto workers in the United States are laid off, a further 27,000 in Canada, and estimates of auto-related layoffs reach as high as 800,000. As refinery growth is again shaky, it's easy to understand

the workers' fears. Sales are off more than 30 per cent from a year ago and losses are nothing short of staggering. In the second quarter of 1988 alone, Chrysler lost \$208.1 million, Ford \$90.9 million, General Motors \$412 million and American Motors \$84.9 million. Paradoxically, in Japan, Toyota and Nissan leaders of Detroit set all-time production records this summer, with

Zorak, a kind of a wedding present



spring of last year, when General Motors introduced its dramatically successful X cars. With 350,000 Cadillacs sold in the first year, Detroit has finally awakened to the sensitivity of light interest rates and low-cost automobiles—primarily what added up to \$5.2 billion in sales, for a Japanese company named Honda last year.

The fall of the Alphabet Car will be security among us. It is working on a U. car for next spring, which would be a more sophisticated 'X' car and is heading toward the U. It is truly 'world car' to be built later in West Germany, Britain, Japan, Australia, Brazil and South Africa, as well as North America. Chrysler, of course, is already pulling its future on the assembly line with its impressive 'X' cars, the Dodge Acura and Plymouth Reliant, which are shorter and lighter than the X, boasting better mileage out of a gallon of gas but

## Rolling out the new galaxy

North American car buyers will be delighted to hear the future does not include a decision of the U.S. of Future Studies, where they have been talking about phasing out automobiles completely from urban areas and expanding now on car ferries to make selected highways possible.

No, the future in fact has been around since

Zorak



Buy the cars your neighbours help to build!

FREEDS MEN'S WEAR

BUY OURS NOT THEIRS

July imports to the U.S. reaching \$24,000—a record. "It's a crisis," says Canada's minister of industry, trade and commerce, Herb Gray. "There's a major restructuring going on." It is easy to see how Washington's suspected Worldwatch Institute, when reporting on the auto industry last year, was able to conclude: "... things will never be the same again."

"It happened almost overnight with the current situation," adds Gray. "It reached the point where it wasn't enough for a car to be fuel-efficient, the car had to look efficient." With analysts claiming 75 per cent of all cars will be four-cylinder by 1994, Detroit finds itself in the unenviable position of having to sell the cars the consumer doesn't want in order to finance the building of a car the consumer is eager to buy today. And it happened so quickly that it seems only 20 years could

Bumper sticker and poster selling home-made cars (above), Ontario, wife Barbara, locates unending industry. 'It's a crisis'

believe that little more than a year ago cars—where 'T' cars, Corollas and Passats, are suddenly the car people everyone else is chasing (see box)—was actually toying with the idea of an over-engineered of its small-car plants to produce just more Oldsmobiles. Or that only last year Ford committed \$113 million toward a special automatic transmission plant designed only for 'V-6s, the industry's instant dreamer. Ford, like troubled Chrysler, had chosen to fight an earlier recession that decade—normally also brought on by oil hikes—by trimming budgets for product development, and that has much to do with the fact that the industry suddenly needs \$75 billion (1% times the cost of the space program) to retrofit, dem-core and somehow get back in competition.

result of a growing new partnership with the French company. The big push is an fuel efficiency (for highway driving 3.7 litres per 100 km, 42 m.p.g.) for the Cadillac 6.2 litre car 100 km (62 m.p.g.) for the Escort 5.5 litre car 100 km (57 m.p.g.) for the Aries, and 6.0 litre car 100 km (58 m.p.g.) for the Taurus, and more maintenance. The Forders, for example, will require no changes any more 100 km.

The Japanese plan any new changes in their product lines—why sell a good thing?—and Volkswagen plans to follow a truth any child can understand: there can never be enough Ferraris. Still, and to add a little spin to the tale, we will offer the more expensive and sophisticated little

about \$50,000 more than the Ford's \$45,000.

Should 1981 the only limitations are imagination. Everyone from GM to Toyota is talking about computer cars. Two of three—automotive weighing only 1,200 lb. and getting up to 4.5 litres per 100 km (55 m.p.g.). There are new ideas in fact (the Japanese are experimenting with hydrogen), nuclear braking systems and microcomputers that could actually carry out temporary repairs when the car trips home. GM's Western Industries Inc. is experimenting with a zinc chloride battery car that runs at 68 km/h. Not only a battery system good for 300 km. Only problem is, with a 328 cc running limit between charges, the Trans-Canada Highway would need to install wall plugs somewhere between Thunder Bay and Draken.

Unfortunately for Ford shareholders, there is one event that stands out above all others. Immediately following the 1974 energy crisis, a senior Ford executive was able to talk Henry Ford II into heavily financing a subcompact car with front-wheel drive and a small Honda power train. In 1975, however, Ford changed his mind, convinced the North American consumer would never be attracted to a car that didn't look like it needed him on its head. The decision was, says the executive who was later fired, "the single largest tactical error in automotive history." The name: Lee Iacocca.

If there is a lead in this no-address, it goes to Iacocca, mastermind of Ford's Mustang, Mustang II and Pinto, and current chairman of the deeply troubled



Zorak



Chrysler Corp. No one should be surprised that Mos Goss, head of Chrysler Canada, should refer to his boss as "probably the smartest automobile man in the world today," but it is a view shared by, among others, Herb Gray and Windsor union head Ray Gurnee. That Isosasa is a brilliant salesman is beyond doubt. For the deathly ill Chrysler he talked \$1.5 billion out of the U.S. government, \$200 million in loan guarantees out of Ottawa, \$20 million out of Ontario and, when he settled with the United Auto Workers (UAW) on Chrysler's latest contract, he left the table with \$457 million in concessions—the first total in 42 years out of the industry's Big Three has failed to match UAW contracts with the others.



Founder Henry Ford in the first car he built, with grandson, in 1946 (Top). Close unemployment—made in Japan.

What we did, without spending a penny, was to poison that."

The Canadian deal involves no money until 1992 and a commitment by Chrysler to invest \$1 billion in Canada over the next five years. But the key, for Gray and cabinet, was written job commitments, so which Isosasa was recently reluctant to agree. For 1992-93, Chrysler Canada must employ at least 11 per cent of whatever number Chrysler employs in the U.S. This would mean, Gray announced last May, "an employment level of 15,000 by 1994."

Gray and Chrysler both concede this figure was supplied by Chrysler in January, however, the U.S. department of transportation was assigned to undertake a detailed six-month study into the viability of Chrysler. This will-cost report—much of it prepared by Transportation Systems Center of Cambridge, Mass.—is already two months overdue, and it may be because much of the news is not very good. A portion of the preliminary study was recently obtained by Maclean's. It reveals worst and best scenarios for Windsor, where Chrysler Canada (as well as Gray's ind-

ing) is located. Apart from complete Chrysler bankruptcies, the worst Windsor scenario involves only 2,000 jobs. But the very best Windsor can hope for, the report contends, is 7,500 jobs—less than half the number of which Gray based the \$500 million in government aid.

Windsor's mayor, Bert Weeks, sits in his office, his fingers pinching a clipping from the Ottawa Citizen as if it were a poisonous twisty paper. It is another story on the agency of Windsor and a friend has mailed it along with a short note: "Why must the national media always be picking on poor Windsor?" Weeks shakes his head in disgust, rifles through the papers on his desk and turns up an newspaper. It is a report from the Windsor-Essex Development Commission, and it covers Windsor's employment levels from 1970 to 1984. "This is based on hard facts," he says as he reads the figures out: 46,126 in 1970, 45,000 today, 64,000 in 1981. "Temporary reverses," he says of the current auto dilemma. The turnaround, as he sees it, "will become pronounced by mid-1991." And then the Windsor tragedy stories will stop. There will be fewer national reporters at his door, fewer explanations of why he keeps a couple of loads bears on his wall. Not real, he says, the work of a local artist. They sit there, staring, peculiar scenes in who have lost a single source of industry, who survive today only because of government protection, who are unlike any other animal in the world in that the cat must feed from the mother's teats before daring to venture out on its own.

If Herb Gray laid his wags, the Canadian auto industry would grow up a bit, shake itself free of so much foreign dependence. Gray is delighted as much by the government's commitment of Chrysler as by an agreed restructuring of Chrysler Canada that will include, among other things, a government official moving to the corporation's chairman of directors. Canada has been paying heavily for U.S. government-owned money, and Gray is determined there will not be a repeat of the 1976 Canadian government grant to the Ford Motor Company of Canada, when Ottawa and Ontario gave \$58 million toward a new engine plant only to have Ford close around and close down the ill plant, resulting in a net loss of 500 jobs, according to the C.M.V. Much of that infamously great, unfortunately, was negotiated by Joe Isosasa, now of his Ford sale as president of Ford. "He learned some lessons from the Ford agreement, which I applied," says Gray.

But Canada has been playing second fiddle to the U.S. since 1965, when Henry Ford formed 137 plants across the Detroit River to the Walkerville

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Wages Work, where bodies and wheels were attached and the cars sold to Canadians. GM, there were glory years, say 1982, when Canada was the No. 2 auto-producer in the world and sold 47 per cent of its vehicles abroad. But a mere telling story is to be found in 1979, when the auto deficit hit a record \$3.1 billion.

Since 1968 the Canadian automobile industry has been ruled by the U.S.-Canada auto pact, a contra-virtus, complicated document that might be best described as a "Canadian content" rule for automobiles. It got off to a shaky start—Lyndee Johnson referred to Lester Pearson as Harold Wilson at the formal signing—but the early efforts were mostly to Canada's benefit (since then, car production has almost tripled and employment nearly doubled). Canada forced the agreement with well-placed hints at high tariffs to protect its fledgling industry, and the pact set this talk off with a duty-free zone and a promise that Canada would have a "fair and equitable" share of the lucrative North American auto market, which was a great boost to French-plant assembly operations. But neither replacement parts and accessories. Initially the Americans felt taken, and were soon eager to change it. But Canada would have nothing to do with it.

When the balance of trade began to shift heavily in favor of the Americans in the mid-'80s, thanks to a booming car market everywhere, the Americans stopped complaining. And though Canada did complain, particularly the parts manufacturers who were simply unable to compete with mass-produced U.S. parts from the Big Three. There, a 1978 federal commission still recommended against trying to encourage the pact.

But the fact that in 1980 Herb Gray has effectively invoked the renegotiation clause in the trade pact is all in not well. A Science Council of Canada report has given evidence that Canada has been a huge loser in areas like research, development and design (using just on 1,400 engineering jobs, for starters), and that it has been a "dangerous blunder" for Canadians to go on believing a free-trade pact could open up opportunities for new facilities in Canada. The pact



Chrysler workers protesting layoffs (left). Oakville's Ford plant "lost your Toyota"



GM ownership parking Cadillac (above), Major signs "temporary reversal"



producers are easily the biggest losers, with a \$2.1 billion trade deficit last year and some 50,000 lost jobs since 1979, and they, naturally, are most eager to see it changed. Gray may be kidding; however, that the Americans are no more interested in talking today than Canadians were a decade ago. The Big Three like the pact just as it gives them more money to operate, more control, more profits that can't be sucked off by tariff duties.

In hindsight, it can be seen that the "Canadian content" of the pact also has its pitfalls. Despite impressive gains in Canadian automobile production, to bring up overall percentages, the companies have found it advantageous to produce a disproportionate number of large cars in Canada (Chrysler's coming from St-Therese, Que., Ford 1775s from Oakville, Ont., Chrysler Cadillacs from Windsor). And as the industry

clearly moves toward what is being called the "world car"—one smaller car for all countries, with interchangeable parts produced in a far-ranging variety of nations—parts inventing in among Canadian parts manufacturers. "Not one of the parts in these new world cars is scheduled to be built in Canada," says Donald Donaldson, chairman of the Automobile Parts Manufacturers' Association of Canada.

And there are added worries. When Chrysler originally scheduled the all V-6 engine plant in Windsor to be converted to a V-4 plant, but when the small-car model year burst onto the scene a new decision was made to pour \$130 million into a four-cylinder engine plant in Mexico. The Windsor plant was closed completely and the workers laid off. And a week after the first "car-of-the-future," the '90 car, rolled off the Detroit assembly line, Chrysler Canada unveiled its new "T" car. With Gregory Peck looking on and Frank Sinatra there to pick up the keys to the first car, the fall glory of the '90 car, a \$23,900 luxury limousine, complete with a 518 cubic-inch V-8 engine and rear-wheel drive. A V-8 engine, to be sure, but hardly the car of the future. Windsor can only pray Larry H. Landrum, vice-president of the Huntsville consulting firm Bath & Streum, is dead wrong when he says: "Basically, anything spent on rear-wheel drive is the past two years in a lifetime."

Ray Glynn, union head of Local 1589, Chrysler's Oshawa Workers, remembers the day he went home and gracefully let his lot through the fence. With only 358 of his 680 members working, each



Gray with Japanese auto officials (above); the workers had to take the picket



new day holds only the promise of further frustration, yet another desperate phone call. "The picket was only," he says slowly. "Then it got poisonous. Unfortunately, it's been the workers who've had to take the picket line." There are few laughs these days, not from the sign on his office wall, which reads: "MADE IN JAPAN, certainly not from the plant he now recently at GM, however. "IF YOU'RE HUNTER, KAT YOUR TORONTO."

More Clois, head of Chrysler Canada, calls the import invasion "a big" but one wonders whether that is an overly optimistic appraisal of the \$1.9 billion worth of imports sold in Canada last year (8.7 per cent of the Canadian market), or the staggering 22 per cent of the American market, imports started in July, which was more than half of the Ford and Chrysler combined could master. Detroit, incidentally, is no longer the world's leading automobile. For an entire year that honor has belonged to Japan, and while they may fare poorly in the crash tests, imports—particularly Japanese ones—are coming out of consumer tests without a scratch. In the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency's 1988 list of fuel-sippers, the first 45 are all imports. Consumers Union has branded them more dependable, trade-in value is significantly higher and even Leo Isacovici would concede that, "in fit and finish, they're done better."

The Americans are so worried about imports that two Democratic senators from Michigan have introduced Senate legislation to give the president legal power to restrict the Japanese flow. He-



Inside Japan's Toyota factory (above left), including Ontario's factory (above right), new Canada 1.8 SRX 'a baby'



erly, Ford and the UAW passed them, calling for a ceiling limit of 1.7 million cars, which would be 600,000 fewer than were sold in the U.S. last year. The Americans point to their automobile tariff wall—25 per cent—and claim to Italy, which allows only 2,000 Japanese cars a year to enter. What the Americans would really like is for the Japanese to locate plants there, as Volkswagen of America has and as Honda is currently doing in Ohio. But with Toyota and Nissan showing only lukewarm enthusiasm, Jimmy Carter—long in favor of free trade and keen angry at Detroit's failure to respond to the economy crisis—may be about to change in favor of auto nationalism.

Canada, which sells 34 billion worth of raw materials each year to Japan, would like to avoid the sticky side of negotiations. Gray's recent trip to Japan

was to persuade the Japanese automakers to set out of good faith and at least involve the Canadian parts manufacturers if full-scale plants are not immediately possible. But as far, no action.

Frankie Del Greco wraps his fat around a French Blue as a head-on, a Windsor job near the Chrysler plant, leans forward to embrace Bob Seger's Agent the Wind and cradles how glad he is to have been hired on at GM recently in new Buick seats after more than eight months as a laid-off Ford worker. "Seger, singer's not very much," he says. "But I love it. They're so friendly, happy. They come up and compliment you. Not like at Ford. They were on my ass there, cause the boss was always on their ass." Del Greco, the many other workers and not a few analysts, think the tide has not turned, that only GM, with its cash reserves and proven success with the T-car, can roll confidently toward 1990. Chrysler's Canadians are a matter of public concern in Washington, they are calling Ford "the Chrysler of 1985." "My uncle, eh?" Del Greco says. "He works on the line at Dearborn, so he hears a lot. He says, 'You think this is bad, you ain't seen nothing yet.'"

The issue ahead, says U.S. Secretary of Transportation Neil Gorsuch, will be "one of international competition, whether anything we have witnessed before." He speaks of "shock treatment" to come, as the industry restructures itself, smaller probably, far less steel, far more plastics, alloys, computer chips. More robotics. Fewer workers.

In Windsor, however, the mayor looks forward to the 30,000 jobs the Windsor-Ramco Revolution has promised. He has graduated between now and 1984. Herb Gray, told of the American report that eats water on the future 15,000 Chrysler Canada workers, refuses to comment, saying he returns his full confidence. "Not a chance," says the SRA's auto industry critic Ian Deans of the 1980s. Add union head Ray Glynn: "There are those who hold off the world who never seem back, the afraid. We've got to go on." In the meantime, says Leonard, at the Canada Farm Labor Board, general manager. Ronie Newman says that, so far, none of the laid-off auto workers have signed on to picket lines at ST or even a hunger. But that does not mean they're resigning. They're waiting for the chance to be unionized by line now. Back at the University of Windsor, sociology professor Depew Faber and his eight student helpers are trying to assess the impact of the auto crisis on a select group of 350 laid-off auto workers. Unfortunately, they are all Canadian and it is interesting they have left for Alberta.

With Black Press MacMillan

## But will the robot fetch hot coffee?



By Gillian Mackay

**T**he terms utterances are fired out with polite but barely suppressed impatience. A revolution is at hand, and Michael Cowpland, president of Mital Corp., sits to his left in his front lines. Not for him the idle daydreams by the phone-line machine, the slow shuffling of papers, the seconds it takes to dial a telephone number, all rituals of "useless activity" he would love to abolish in every office. Near his desk sit the harbingers of change—a blank and when completed terminal, a hollow-stemmed telephone the size of a paper-back novel. At the moment, he admits, "I just play with them." But before too long, these toys may be the tools of the electronically linked "office of the future," as familiar as god and pencil, if not as unrepentant. And, if Cowpland has his way, the suburban Ottawa-based Mital, Canada's hottest high-technology firm, will be a leading supplier to what is expected to be a multi-billion-dollar market. "Everyone is aware of what should be done, but nobody's there yet," he says eagerly. "We're in a race, and we need to win."

It will be the longest leg yet for Mital's two main shareholders, Cowpland and Terry Matthews, Mital's executive vice-president, whose goal is \$1 billion in sales by 1985. To spend the way, they recently bid \$30 million (U.S.) for Acropolis Digital Data Systems Inc. (ADDS), a U.S. computer terminal manufacturer, which is trying to block the bid in court on the grounds that the price is too low. With or without ADDS, Cowpland says Mital will reach the target

Cowpland (above) playing with toys, a model for Canada's industrial growth.



by doubling sales every year, as it has since its founding in 1975. "Anything less than that would soon close us out."

As supremely confident as the two 37-year-old British-born engineers are, Mital's success has surpassed even their early imagings. Defectors from Northern Telecom Ltd., the technology giant controlled by Bell Canada, they managed to start the company on a secret \$20,000 in joint savings, supplemented six months later by \$100,000 raised from outside investors. They were impressed by the born salesman-ship of Matthews combined with the cooler strategic brilliance of Cowpland, the designer of Mital's early products. Says Ottawa lawyer Kent Plimley, a new start-up enriched original backer: "It was about as risky as anything you've ever seen. But there was a strategy or magnetism they exuded when they got together that made it easy to convince people."

Winning credibility from customers for what began as a four-man operation was more difficult. When one potential buyer demanded to see the operation, Cowpland and Matthews ran around their office building putting Mital signs on the doors of the other tenants who agreed to join as Mital technicians. On another occasion, Matthews, apologetic John de Sauters of Chicago's Office Support and backhoeled the astonished

entrepreneur, then chairman of American Telephone & Telegraph Co., for his hope to install the merits of the Bellway Mital. Such persistence paid off last year when AT&T, which the Bell Canada, generally prefers to buy from its own manufacturing subsidiary, bought Mital's six-300 computerized switchboard for use in its system. In fact, the widespread opening up of competition that is taking place around the world in the monopoly-ridden telephone industry offers exciting opportunities to independent firms such as Mital, which Cowpland says are often more innovative because "we have not had our orders handed to us on a plate."

Many companies in Mital's now well-established position would have been content to stick with telecommunications

firm. Mital was not. Next year, it will introduce its most costly and important product to date, a digital switchboard that can direct not only telephone calls but data from word processors, teletype machines and computers. Trained with its own computer terminals, the forthcoming 30-3000 will be the equivalent of the equipment to convert offices from ever-more-costly paper-pushing to electronic efficiency, says Cowpland. "As we see it, everything will be in one box."

At the heart of those boxes, and of all Mital products, are semiconductors, tiny silicon chips implanted with hundreds of electronic circuits, which are found in everything from robots to microwave ovens. Mital designs its own chips, giving it a key competitive advantage and making it unique in Canada, where success is growing that the country is far behind in the worldwide microelectronics revolution. With 22 per cent of its 1979 sales of \$43.4 million going to research and development (compared with a national average of less than one per cent), with subsidiaries already established in the U.S., England, Ireland and Puerto Rico, and with its growth all but recession-proof, Mital could indeed serve as a model for Canada's industrial growth. The only is there aren't enough like it. ☐

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# Stranded with his shadows

MUSIC FOR CHAMELEONS  
by Truman Capote  
(Random House of Canada, \$14.95)

"I'm an alcoholic. I'm a drug addict. I'm homosexual. I'm a genius." That is Truman Capote's self-portrait, one the public knows well because of the talk shows and gossip columns, the last characteristics that have been buried by the first three. *Music for Chameleons*, a collection of stories and portraits of people both famous and unknown (including a nonfictionist's account of an estranged sister of Ernest Hemingway called *Members of the Club*), is an extraordinary, disturbing, compelling and even haunting work—if words can be said to move across a page like ghosts. The man



Capote's greatest story, in dark machine, with his work in candy and a whip

who wrote *Breakfast at Tiffany's* and *In Cold Blood* may have often lost his grip, but never insight. That gift (he writes in a preface, given by God, is also accompanied by a whip "intended solely for self-flagellation." Where has the book come from? The last sentence of the preface tells what, naked, briefly: "Meanwhile, I'm here alone in my dark madness, all by myself with my deck of cards—and, of course, the whip God gave me."

Capote's title is as transparent as his prose style: "simple, clear as a country creek." *Music for Chameleons* is a dirge for loneliness, for all the people who keep changing color when they feel themselves caught, scared in the complexity of their own lives. Motivated by guilt, fear and frustration, they lie, evade and pretend, the end result runs all the way from heartache to murder. Nearly every story in this collection has subterfuge and deception as its theme, abandonment and sorrow for its denouement. Nearly every character is left alone, stranded with his shadow for company: the old blind man changed in the desert by his young wife and her lover is *Myra*; the once-magnificent businessman in *Hylo* becomes painfully and poignantly true to himself

himself and Capote that his relationship with little girls is due to prepubertal circumstances; in the desert he found a note in a bottle from a lonely little girl.

Each story, whether a memoir of Marilyn Monroe or an account of a day spent with a black cleaning lady, is the same story told by a different voice. Same sounds, just different inflections. The narrative flow, as in John Cheever's work, equals the situation, especially so in *Randomness*. The writer's avowed intention was "to remove disparities, not manufacture them," and that, to a great degree, holds the flow. Writers are forever being handed an apple—the apple—in the form of a show, serpentine style, Capote has bitten this one.

Since *Mr. Chameleon* looks on as fearful fascination at the mystery of all the memories around us, its November 1976 issue, a self-interview, Capote suggests an answer: most of us may not want to hear "I love you," says Truman. "I love you, too," replies Truman. "I'd better," says Truman back. "Because when you get right down to it, all we've got is each other. Alone. To the grave. And that's the tragedy, isn't it?"

Lawrence O'Toole

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## Cities

# Downtown looks good again



By Kaspars Dzeguze

I would have seemed blasphemous to the very idea of suburbs to suggest, just two years ago, that anyone from the suburbs might want to leave the promised land. Ever since the Second World War, the dream of housing all over North America has pointed in just one direction: away from the city core to the suburbs, or the Little House in the Prairie beyond. Anywhere but back to the terrifying darkness that, in anyone who watches TV police dramas knows, lies at the heart of the megapolitan-megapolita.

But in some suburban communities these days the neighbors don't even look up when a mover's van breaks the silence. In one young community on Toronto's outer fringes Bob Best, a 31-year-old plumber whose job and heart are in Toronto, buys a van and goes. Come October, he'll be landing on his own. With his 7½-year-old daughter, Emily, and wife, Jane, a nurse at the Hospital for Sick Children, Best is moving into a Portuguese-Italian neighborhood practically within the

The Bests with their suburban and urban homes, abandoning the promised land.

shadow of the CN Tower, to a three-story house that has been home to 10 immigrants. "People are leaving the suburbs every day," Best says. "Some move to other suburbs but more all the time are going back downtown."

Living downtown is emphatically back in fashion in metropolitan cities across Canada—either that, like ladies "of a certain age," have enough going for them to live off their past. George Barri, an architecture professor at the University of Toronto, says it is still too early for cities like Edmonton or Calgary, but almost everywhere to the east the trend of the largest three cities—Vancouver, Toronto and Montreal—is being repeated on some scale. It is going on in Quebec City and Ottawa, and to a lesser degree in Halifax and even regional centres like London, Ont.

"One school of thought says the suburban dream is dead," says Toronto's chief planner, Stephen McLaughlin, "while the other suggests it's part of the restoration of cities—the end of a fren-

etic retreat—like what happened 50 years ago to New York." The statistics are running far ahead of the statisticians—the next census is published in 1981—but downtown realtors estimate that 30 per cent of buyers in Toronto now come from the suburbs. In Montreal, the figure is closer to 50 per cent.

The trend hardly seems credible. Just a few years ago, the big story of population was the reverse: "the retreat to the land." Like their American counterparts, Canadian cities seemed doomed to extinction, to grow hollow and abandoned by all but the poor, the old and the terminally ill. From 1971 to 1976 Toronto suffered the biggest drain of its history, losing nearly 80,000. Since then the exodus has eased. Barri says he "wouldn't be surprised if it has stopped or even reversed itself by now." Even in Vancouver, where old geography makes the downtown area more difficult to define, Trish French of the planning office says there is a much greater demand for city housing. Barry Kest, Toronto's housing commissioner, simply notes that what was once a trend is now a current.



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"Downtown housing has become an issue like motherhood," says Mark London, director of Heritage Montreal. "It's not the answer to every urban problem." Last September, a \$2,000-per-dwelling grant project was launched to foster construction of 2,000 dwellings a year in Montreal for the next four years. In the first seven months, 1,500 had already been built—and quickly occupied. Toronto's ambitions, plus for 40,000 new housing units by the end of 1985 is about 50-per-cent realized and two-thirds of the dwellings built privately have gone up right in the "core area."

To work, the housing has to be the right kind. In Vancouver's central Kitsilano and Fairview Slopes areas, the resurgence began only after highway towers were curtailed. "People wanted construction, not wholesale high-rise construction," explains French. "We demonstrated three to mostly residential areas." New townhouse developments now appeared, and restoration of older homes spread. Fairview Slopes, a once-shabby area, has become tremendously lively with the restoration of about two-thirds of all houses. Benefits are less dramatic are expected in Montreal, if city council passes a plan to similarly "downgrade" central neighborhoods.

Before neighborhood preservation became a political issue in the '70s, living downtown in big cities was a matter of economic necessity for young families—a source of cheap "starter" homes. But it quickly turned into a bid, flamed by real estate agents and characterized by snobbishness and exclusivity and white walls. Given the economic arroyo of an OPEC-dominated world, what was then trendy now bears the stamp of wisdom. Says Bob Best: "My wife and I work practically at the same place downtown, but we have different skills so we must both drive. That's \$6 miles daily, each, or \$200 a month in winter, \$140 in summer. When an accountant told me I could carry an additional \$17,000 on my mortgage for that, I knew I had to move."

Legs are stronger enough for clothing designer Anna Buchan and John Wertchick, a 40-year-old design teacher. Eight months ago, they moved into the ideal house in Vancouver's Strathcona district, a 12-minute walk from downtown. Wertchick admits he's lucky. The house is 76 years old—really old by Vancouver standards. You just can't get houses like that because nobody in Strathcona wants to sell, ever.

But it is clear that this "internationalization of urbanism," as Richard Ford so call the downtown phenomenon, is more than a picaresque for the country's economic dilemma. "There's no question we now have city folks and suburban

types," says Bob Best. "My suburban friends think I'm going to bring up my daughter in the city. In fact, I'd bring her up anywhere except the suburbs." Adds Mary Savage, a realtor whose company is thriving in the east-central Riverside section of Toronto: "There's definitely such a thing as a city person, and it's far more than a question of economics. It's a whole attitude. When I moved in 13 years ago, this was an all-Greek neighborhood. My friends thought I was mad—people were still afraid of the city core then. Now, you can't keep them away."

All ages are represented in the downtown shift, including older suburban couples who tend to buy condominiums and "want to make their last move a contemporary one," says Terry Mills, a young Toronto architect who's a partner in The Master Building Group, which expects to sell about \$3 million worth of new and renovated homes this year. The majority, though, are young people—part of the demographic "bulge" known as the baby-boom generation. They need homes now to raise their families—sometimes two homes, to house the separate halves of an unsuccessful marriage.

Professor Larry Bourne, director of the Centre for Urban and Community



Buchan, Wertchick, downtown "gentrified"

Studies at the University of Toronto, says the impact of the new "core-craters" is far more significant than their numbers. They're creating a ripple effect, he says, that means no neighborhood is untouched. "As the bust for

housing by less affluent members of the baby-boom generation flows through a city, families with middle or upper-middle incomes buy out those with lower incomes and restore the houses, a process the English have rather archely termed "gentrification." Gentrification goes on in 70 per cent of North American cities,bourne says, but what's unusual in Canada, especially Toronto, is that it's not accompanied by decay elsewhere in the city.

However, while gentrification may do wonders for a city physically, it could end up being disastrous socially. For, in Toronto's McLaughlin points out, the people ultimately displaced by gentrification tend to be the poor—who often have little choice but to retreat with their families to public housing in the suburbs. Already, in fact, a densely populated stretch of suburban Toronto known as "the Jane-Finch corridor" has taken the place of the city core in media depictions of an urban hell. Bob Best sees early warnings of a similar problem in his community, including notes that public housing will be built there shortly. "I'm taking a loan selling my house now, just four years after I bought it. But in another year, I don't think I could sell at all. And in 10, this place is just going to be a slum." ☐

# The inside story on a good night's sleep.



On the surface of a good mattress looks about the same as another that when you get inside a Simmons Beautyrest, you'll find the contrast is great.

The heart of the Simmons Beautyrest is its individualized coil construction. Each coil is individually pickered to support an individual part of your body. When you move during sleep, the Simmons Beautyrest

adjusts to your body weight for firm yet comfortable support throughout the night. Simmons Beautyrest is available in a full range of sizes and in various degrees of firmness.

Because of its unique construction, a Simmons Beautyrest mattress costs more than most mattresses. But we think you'll find the most comfortable investment you can make.



**Sleep on a Simmons Beautyrest,  
wake up a nicer person.**

"The Most of Simmons Sleep"

Simmons Beautyrest® mattresses have individually pickered coils. Each coil gives individual support to every part of your body.

# The hustle goes to school

By Val Rice

Whenever The Growing Board (a national in Toronto) screens its popular *Consumer Information Film Festival of Advertising*, fascinated viewers put down their salad forks and older magazines and analyze each ad aloud. Even as they scribble notes, message and technique, they pick it up and pass back at the screen like a classroom full of kids. Then, after all, an ad is an advertisement, viewed as McLuhan and The Modern Postcardists. Yet the kids' studiousness with which they acknowledge the ad's authority spells a new development in the advertiser-consumer relationship. Advertising, once a simple battle of wits, is becoming a product, an increasingly passing as its results rather than its use.

The ad campaign in education is here, notes Progressive Conservative pollster Allan Gregg, president of Decima Research Limited. "Advertising budgets are flowing away from the product people to public affairs departments."

The ad-as-campaign can be spotted in two basic lesson formats. First, there are addresses ads, such as Intel's full-page newspaper science courses—tests, graphs and chemical terms explaining the semiconductor company's pollution-abatement efforts and its service of the acid rain controversy. Government, too, fights specific issues through ads. The federal government denies that its own \$6 million constitutional referendum bill is patently motivated even though the program's main course

was announced last month amid rumors of a national referendum on the partition of the constitution. In contrast to the freely but rather narrow concerns of the address ads are issue campaigns by corporations or industries. Like Greater Lintford's "You can tell we're Canadian—Greater's \$500-million capital investment program in Canada says it loud and clear." These ads are meant to build a bank account of goodwill and public confidence by giving broad background information to demonstrate the sponsor's overall role in the economy or society at large. Such types of campaigns, along with government-sponsored lifestyle advocacy ads (each year drug and voter tests for boaters), operate on the assumption that the public is not really uninterested—just uninformed, lacking only the right data and correct values. And so the sponsors are busily recruiting the masses as teachers. "We try to get across the basic facts," explains John O'Connor, Ontario Hydro's director of public relations. "We

have to put it [the message] in language that a person with a Grade 9 education can understand."

Of course, advocacy and issue advertising are nothing new. They have always flourished in times of threat. Whenever there has been talk of public health (cancer) in the U.S., for example, doctors' careers have given more weight than pedagogy with a minute left in class. At present, public-education campaigns still account for less than 10 per cent of North America's private sector ad expenditures—but that means more than a starting \$1 billion is spent annually to sell point of view rather than product. Why now? One reason is that two billions are at stake in debates on subjects such as pollution, nuclear power and northern development, meanwhile, growing consumer positions about the economy mingle with calls for more corporate and government accountability. An Elizabeth Watson, associate editor of *Marketing Magazine*, observes, "These ads aren't selling products, but the right to create products." Imperial Oil is in the midst of a \$150,000 print campaign to explain how its recent 50 per cent jump in profits will be used to the ultimate benefit of consumers, while DuPont's ads inform, "We're producing more steel than producing love."

Once the media were more reliable ideological allies. Now some investigative and consumer reporters are self-appointed public defenders. So inevitably governments and corporations want to buy space to tell what they per-

ceive as "the information gap." Inevitably, too, sponsors must seek new formats in order to reach the skeptical public. One successful ad-used hybrid is the "informational," an advertisement supplement within a magazine that imitates the magazine format but is usually prepared by separate staff and features positive editorial material to complement the sponsor's ads. One example is the glossy Congress-sponsored Canadian youth magazine that was awarded prize before the Quebec referendum in several Canadian magazines, including *Maclean's*.

Some advertising strategies are more explicitly academic. Where individual corporations' messages might seem self-orientated, industries are doubling together to fund objective-standing public information institutions such as the Petroleum Resources Communications Foundation. A striking example of ad-as-learn was launched by the Insurance Bureau of Canada back in 1974. Its "Let's Face Enterprise" campaign directed print, radio and TV ads (the latter were banned by the CRTC for being too "controversial") to pre-empt criticism. Nevertheless, the campaign later blossomed with lots for high schools and finally a TV series, *The Challenge*, which was broadcast in 1979 as CIBC New Ontario Hydro is making energy information kits available to teachers for use in high school.

The public is actually buying some of these campaigns—or rather, "insuring" from them. A Washington public interest group study recently concluded that a vigorous corporate ad campaign in Colorado in 1976 resulted in the defeat by referendum of three proposals that had initially enjoyed public support. Another American study detected a small but significant increase in the stock sales of companies that had taken time to explain their track records and future plans. And when Alberta's Union of Provincial Government Employees spent \$100,000 in the radio and press to explain the reasonableness of its wage demands this April, it was so delighted with the results—greater solidarity and public backing through a short, successful article—that it is spending the same amount next year on "public education."

Ernest Shackleton, head chairman at Canadian Trust Report, a Montreal-based think tank, suggests that it is background information campaigns that are the most effective because they appeal the least self-interested. The Paper and Paper Institute of Canada's recent farm industry background campaign, for example, triggered a quadrupling of news stories on industry issues. While corporations regard it as a matter of "freedom of corporate speech" to reply in ads to their critics, controversy-oriented campaigns tend to pro-

voke sympathy when public interest groups complain they can't afford equal space or airtime to present the opposing view. This summer, Energy Probe spokesman Norman Babin appeared before the Ontario Energy Board to present Ontario Hydro's \$3-billion public relations and information efforts as "entertainment and unconscionably increasing the cost of power." Babin also took umbrage at a pamphlet called *What is Hydrovision?* which urged to invent cancer and genetic defects.

Some people applaud the ad-as-learn as a new age of government and corporate openness; others worry about

the harm of the lines between advertising and objective fact. At present, no Canadian laws have reinforced the right to reply to "corporate free speech" as the U.S. Federal Communications Commission has. In 1977 it ordered a Washington, D.C., television regulatory fine to a public interest group wishing to refute a Times ad. Should the Canadian public chafe at the dumb-basted role, it can speak up and contradict its self-appointed teachers, fast far fact. "If enough people argued against nuclear," WFF McInchey, advertising manager of Ontario Hydro, cheerfully admits, "we'd have to back down." ☐

This symbol assures you there is order in the mail order business



## Mail Order

When you see a printed ad in a newspaper or magazine or on television, you know that it's from someone you can trust. So when you shop by mail, you know you'll receive exactly what you ordered.

The symbol shows that the seller is a member of the Canadian Direct Mail/Marketing Association. We assure that members abide by a tough 10-point code of ethics and follow the highest standards of practice or they get kicked out.

Our members work for pet supplies, mail order catalogues, book clubs, food stores, department stores, financial institutions, insurance firms, schools, governments, etc. They represent about 40% of the direct marketing industry.

But we know that there are some mail order people who don't always treat customers properly. That's why the CDMMA has set up a Task Force to investigate customer complaints.

If you've had poor treatment from a mail order seller, after trying to resolve the problem with the seller, write us about your experience. Give us as much information as possible. We'll get back to you for you, member or non-member and we will do our best to resolve the problem for you.

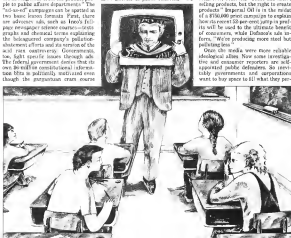
Or, write us if you want your name taken off or added on to the mailing lists of our members, we offer our Mail Preference Service. It's been in operation since 1975. The score to date is 3,274 people wanted off and 1,440 wanted on.

Whether, too, if you'd like a free copy of our highly informative booklet, *Direct Mail and You: It Doesn't Have to Be a Nightmare*, please send your completed form along with your request. For copies, write to: CDMMA, 150 Consumers Road, Suite 405, Willowdale, Ontario M2J 1P9.

Mail your order today!



Canadian Direct Mail/Marketing Association



# The deadly corpse of nuclear power

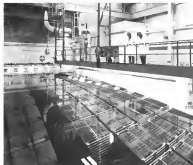
By Michael Clugston

"These are weird words." The audience in the small hall in White Lake, Ont., laughed quietly and approvingly as a fellow townsman spoke up. Whenever the government says it will not do something, it always does the opposite. Can you explain to them that the public

that, according to a key report released last week by the Ontario Legislative Select Committee on Radio Affairs, the whole multi-billion-dollar program is in danger of floundering. This resistance stems from far more than a natural repugnance at the notion of life beside a nuclear dump. It comes from deep distrust of the state, the Crown corporation changed with both the protection of

nuclear energy and the disposal of its wastes. And while critics charge one fact of interest, many townspeople reject to AEC's assurances of safety with the thought "weasel words."

Ontario MPP Jim Preddy, vice-chairman of the select committee, is not alone in tracing today's dilemma to yesterday's "unwarranted natural arrogance" on the part of the nuclear industry. "They proceeded with nuclear energy without knowing how to deal with the waste program," he explains. (Despite a risk variety of theories—about the staff into space, bury it under the polar ice cap, dump it into a volcano—no absolutely reliable solution has been found. Wastes have been dumped into the world's oceans for years, on the assumption that they would be diluted into a harmless concentration. Now the international community of nuclear scientists has singled out deep burial in stable rock formations as the more promising answer. It is an instinctively revolting notion—hundreds of metres of bedrock as a buffer zone—but neither the U.S. nor Germany, although 30 to 55 years ahead of Canada in the search, has been able to settle on a site. "In the U.S. we have had a helluva time finding one of these sites in 35 years," Calif-



Black spent fuel bay (left). Atoms and size demonstrations (below): more than just repugnance.



can't accept weird words when they've lost so much credibility." Just outside town several small drill holes serve the grounds of the gas-Canada's shield, warns from earlier geological studies. It was toward these small holes that the townspeople directed distrustful eyes at a public meeting last summer—for it was there that the Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd. (AECL) sought permission to do research in its effort to solve an oppressive dilemma: the disposal of radioactive wastes from nuclear power plants.

In Canada, no permanent nuclear garbage dump will open for business until the first century. Yet public resistance to research into the methods of disposal is already strong—in strong



## Treasure Island Rum.



A light, white, mellow tasting rum blended from imported Caribbean rum. Backed by over 300 years' distilling experience. At a price you'll measure.

## Moichev Vodka.



Moichev is the slavic word for 'the best'. It's a crystal, sparkling vodka that we put over 300 years experience into. For your rubles, you can't buy a vodka made with more care.

## Hudson's Bay Gin.



A clear, crisp London Dry Gin, triple distilled for extra dryness. There are 300 years' distilling experience behind it and a very popular price on it.

## Hudson's Bay Distillers

After three centuries, Canadians are still discovering Hudson's Bay.

via Energy Commissioner Emilio Vanarsdale to the Ontario select committee. The main problem with geologic disposal is finding a rock formation where groundwater will not penetrate and carry radioactivity back to man's world.

"In a way, this is a social issue that's almost orthogonal of our core," says David Foster of Energy Pathways, a group committed to improving communications in the nuclear debate. "After acting as the good part of the reassurance, it is faced with the problem of the part we can't see"—behaviors such as petitions, and suits and all manner of industrial civil disobedience. In this case, one meter monitors rocks packed with uranium oxide pellets which, once a small fracture occurs, their radioactivity can seep across southern Ontario as electricity, are no longer useful. The rocks are placed in large cooling pools of water near the reactors, safe enough as they sit there even for most nuclear critics. But these pools, molten potassium in a total of 1,300 lb of waste every day from Ontario's half-dozen operating reactors (Canada's only active reactors, in Quebec and New Brunswick, are not in use yet). By the year 2000, provided no new reactors are built, that will amount to 80,000 tons—enough to fill a Canadian football field between the 15 yard lines to a depth of 45 metres. A solution must be found so that this refuse does not become the legacy of generations—that is one of the few points on which nuclear critics and the industry agree.

The uranium is used for about one year as a reactor, but as waste it throws off high levels of radioactivity for about 600 years, fading to a level that, in 17,000 years, equals its original one but that these maps reveal a continuing for a quarter-to-half-a-million years. Apart from inducing cancer, the useless useless igneous mass can cause birth defects in the unborn and mutations in descendants of people exposed.

Canada's waste-management program was drawn up in 1970 and called for the 1975, to prove, by 2000, the assumption that nuclear wastes can be safely sequestered in deep hard rock such as granite. A full-scale report was to be ready for use by the year 2000 by their laboratories in Whiteshell, Man., and Chalk River, Ont., select sites have been studied with experiments designed to add an impermeable "bottle" that will contain corrosion for hundreds of years. In the field, geologists are drilling and stopping the crackling patterns of deep granite formations called joints, while other specialists are trying to plot the flow of groundwater—a study in its infancy. But the failure of science so far to solve the waste puzzle has led Sweden, West Germany, California and more other

American states to curb nuclear expansion until the problem is finally solved.

Despite this bleak international future, however, Arthur Arken, a former vice-president of AECI, once declared "Waste management is not a technical problem, but a public relations problem." Critics of the nuclear program see such optimistic remarks as a source of the Canadian public's mistrust of the people in charge of nuclear waste. Sam Norman Rubin, director of the independent organization Energy Probe, "It's a clear AECI's interest as promoters of the nuclear future to make this problem go away, as quietly and as soon as possible. And that's not the same as having it in your interest that the problem be solved properly."

The problem of trust has not only delayed the program in several years, it has also caught the waste-management program in a dilemma of its own. The presentation must now have to prove it's safe before you can drill, the scientists say.



Paul (Stavro) Rubel, a social critic feels the current neglect of our waste



problem remains unsolved by 1990.

But the select committee's report last week called credibility the most serious weakness in the program, since "the technical solution... must ultimately be acceptable to the people of Ontario." A landmark on the long road of public debate over nuclear wastes, the report concludes that the AECI, despite six of years, could never have sold itself to the skeptical public given its "uneven, overly positive and broadly promotional presentation of information." Instead, it recommends that a new society be established by the Canadian and Ontario governments to take public responsibility for both the program and a new open approach toward the public.

Even if these and more, other recommendations are soon added to the Canadian program, a fundamental question will remain unanswered for years to come. As Norman Rubin puts it, "The question is not whether AECI of Canada has the expertise to solve the problem but does the world have the expertise? And that leads to another question: Is the problem solvable? Nobody has the answer to that one yet."

# Make a little investment in a company that's growing by leaps and bounds.

It all began just over a quarter of a century ago when a fledgling company, known as the National Ballet of Canada, began to dance.

Today, the same troupe has grown to become one of the world's foremost classical ballet companies. However, despite this growth, The National Ballet of Canada still finds itself in need of financial support.

You see, ticket revenue does not cover the cost of performing. In fact, a full house only accounts for half the cost. Although goers' emotions contribute about a third of the total cost, the balance of the money must be raised elsewhere. And that, as you may have gathered, is where we'd like you to stage your entrance.

Make a little investment in the National Ballet by sending us \$25 or more. We'll make you a full voting member, give you advance opportunities to purchase tickets, a subscription to the

Ballet newsletter and a membership card.

If you send us \$100 or more, you'll have an even better opportunity to order tickets in advance for our Spring and Fall seasons (and in a world of standing room only that's a

new thing to have). We'll also acknowledge your enthusiastic support by including your name in our souvenir program and by presenting you with an exquisitely designed Ballet Gift Bond.

The National Ballet of Canada. We wish you many happy returns.



## I'D LIKE TO INVEST IN A COMPANY THAT'S GROWING BY LEAPS AND BOUNDS.

Please enroll me for a full year's membership in The National Ballet of Canada.

<input type="checkbox"/> I am renewing my membership <input type="checkbox"/> I am a new member		I am enclosing my membership fee of \$25 (or more)
NAME		\$
ADDRESS		\$
CITY	PROVINCE	\$
CODE	PHONE	\$
<small>Please mail your cheque with this coupon to: The National Ballet of Canada, 199 King Street East Toronto, Ontario M5H 1J9</small>		<small>I am enclosing a donation of \$100 (or more) and look forward to receiving my gold Ballet Gift Bond.</small> <small>I am enclosing a donation of \$100 (or more) and look forward to receiving my gold Ballet Gift Bond.</small> <small>I wish to give _____ (name, address, phone) a \$25 gift bond (I am enclosing it, please and address).</small> <small>(if such request)</small>
TOTAL \$ (TOTAL)		\$

The National Ballet of Canada is a registered charity. Registration No. 9779-21214. All amounts are in dollars.



Bill Murray and Chris Meloni are in *Monty Python and the Holy Grail* (above). Look out! Making over \$2 million, grossing over \$50 million

## Films

Only days before last Wednesday's opening of the fourth World Film Festival in Montreal, it was hard to know what odds to bet. Would it be steady sit-to-three games and carefully tailored noon, or the latest in dressing down in wilfully rumpled cotton? Would Montreal's movie moguls meet again by getting on the Ritz, working one another with one laugh after the other? Would they repeat the parties of the past, produce Pierre David with a discreet reception on the floor of the Montreal Social Exchange, production partners Robert Lantier and Stephen Roth carrying guests by cab to a klieg-lit evening on Moon's Royal Harold Greenberg arranging a sumptuous buffet at the stately Ritz-Carlton Hotel? Or would a simply be bargains by the hotel pool?

While the films are the major attraction of the Festival for film fans, critics and the paying public, there is no question that, for the Montreal film industry, the week is a chance to pump, to throw figures on last year's drab, put out feelers for next year's. It means nattering entertaining "I end up spending more in Montreal than I do in Cannes," raved David last year. "In Cannes I'm a guest. Here I'm a host. I pick up the check."

But send the cocktail chatter there's bound to be a certain air of solid accomplishment. Claude Lévesque's multi-Montreal production, *The Lucky Star* with Rod Stinger, was chosen to open

# Moguls mastering the role

By Wayne Gregory

the festival, having already been well received in dozen film-market screenings at Cannes. Producers Denis Héroux, Joseph Beaulieu and John Kennedy will be accepting bouquets for producing Louis Mallé's *Johnny MCA* with Bert Lanoose, Susan Sarandon and Kate Winslet, which has been named to the current Venice Film Festival. And Lantier and Roth are entitled to smile once their *Swingers*, starring Jennifer Dale, is due to premiere at Toronto's Festival of Festivals next week. Not on something else over which give for the paparazzi, most of the proud producers will be meeting the hours until they get away the patent leathers for another year and get back to business-making films.

In Montreal, movies aren't so much sold as broiled and fried. For the most part, the Montreal moguls have learned the business the hard way—from the

low-office up. Some started in film distribution, paying their dues counting coppers. Others, with a background in film mail, spent years editing, shooting and directing current documentaries or producing points to boot. Some, like Wink, most Montreal producers have started either in distribution or smaller-scale production, keeping the cash flowing while the resources are tied up in prior features. It's the perfect edge against the slump in feature-film production, something Montrealers are used to. They've seen buses and buses, notably in French-language production in the early '70s.

Right now they're just a little concerned about the health of Hollywood. North Boston make them nervous, and what the city can call a jump from 31 films made in 1976 to 35 in 1977. Almost half of those films—36 to be exact (11 English, nine French)—were made in Montreal. The total cost of Canadian films has exploded as well—\$26,741,273 in '78, approximately \$350 million in '79. David, the slender and intense 35-year-old producer of *Palm Springs Interiors*, shakes his head. "Last year was a hard slide," he explains. "Nobody really wanted it when it, just happened. It was a giant free-fall. Anyway, who wanted to be a producer could be one. It's as if tomorrow anyone could be a producer or director."

On the third floor of a greenhouse in Old Montreal, Denis Héroux, 46, glances out the eastward windows, then looks his attention on a poster for his co-pro-

duction of Claude Lévesque's *A man down*. Catherine Deneuve stares back, that coldly beautiful face a little ruffled by summer's heat. Héroux is discussing another problem in the Canadian film industry—the films made last year that are having trouble finding foreign buyers. "Of course they're having trouble," he shrugs. "Last year the six major film distributors in America only bought 25 independently produced films, foreign and American." Héroux has spent the last couple of years specializing in co-productions with European producers. Films such as *A man down* and *135 Avenue de l'Europe*, with Angèle Dickinson, landed in the top 50 box-office draws in France last year and his *Volonté* feature landed well for a foreign film in the States. There this summer, with a year of Héroux's former TV work producer John Kennedy, the company could turn an important—and unprecedented—deal with 20th Century-Fox, a Hollywood major. It will make three films for Fox, and Fox will distribute three other films it chooses to make (see *Montreal*, July 14). Come hell or high water, an ITC film will have box-office hopes in the U.S. assured.

Still, it will take more than six films in the current climate, and the climate is dark. The Canadian Film Development Corporation (CFDC) is pulling in its horns this spring. It decided not to put more than \$250,000 into any one project, nor will it enter into any more than two projects with any one producer. The CFDC is also now insisting that either the director or the screenwriter, and at least one person in a leading role of films they back, must be Canadian. The corporation's high-profile executive director Michael McCabe resigned in early May, and veteran screenwriter André Larue has replaced him. Larue, though he is putting his CFDC-backed order, has an extensive background in the Montreal film club he worked in distribution for Montreal producer John Dunning and co-founded the club with his brother Pierre. Handling commercials, documentaries and features and attracting such young cinematic talents as producers Guy and Claude Fournier, Denis and Claude Héroux and director Gilles Carle, Larue became a central figure in film production circles. Larue left Digne to become the federal deputy film commissioner, then film commissioner and chairman of the board of the SFL and finally vice-president of media relations with the CBC, leaving when he was to move into the post and set the CFDC.

Despite his familiarity with the Mainstream, however, Larue's appointment is not considered an omen of easier times. The Association of Canadian Television and Radio Artists (ACTRA) is



David is *Duty* (left), David: "My job is to protect my member's ass"



Stephen, Lantier in *Atlantic City*, U.S.A. (left), Denis Héroux adjusts their trouble



Wink in *City on Fire* (left), Greenberg: "Producers are more complacent"

anxious to see more Canadians in starring roles and is cutting down on writers granted to foreign stars. Also, the union's severities commission has moved to tighten regulations concerning the public financing of feature films. Their draft of a national film investment policy was published in July and indicates that, in the future, a film's prospectus will be more precise, more detailed, regarding concerning the way a producer's past films have performed for investors.

Once again, Héroux and Kennedy will not likely be affected too much. In the late '60s, Héroux produced and directed two of the biggest movie makers in the history of Québecois film. *Yvette* and *L'Amant* returned \$1.7 and \$3.9 million at costs of \$100,000 and \$100,000 respectively. Kennedy produced *The Partnership of Dolly* starring

Richard Dreyfuss before moving to Hollywood to produce *When Love Takes Over* and *Jer Cosmos*, all financially successful ventures. Now, however, the tightening web of regulations riddles Héroux. "It's an attempt to put an intangible, such as cinema, into little boxes," he complains. "But look at what's happened to this man's films. All the formula films—*Glynn*, *Greenberg*, *Bravo*—they're dead. If governments overregulate, we're in trouble. We'll end up with all the Canadian producers chasing the 100-per-cent Canadian movie, and in two years end up with a lot of useless movies."

Twenty minutes away from the suburban of Old Montreal, another national Montreal producer rakes Héroux's criticism. John Dunning, a barely 50-year-old who looks like he'd be more comfortable on a golf course than in a





TV producer Robert Cooper, feels that public financing will still be available. "It's going to be easier for people with a track record, and they're the people out raising money." Even the optimists admit that bankers and brokers are asking more pointed questions this year.

Investors new to the business have tended to look for what seems to be safe bets, films with American stars and done in a style that has been successful recently. Since money talks, producers have found themselves making films in part to suit the money market. Montreal producers tend to look back on last year's explosion with enthusiasm and some guilt, some pointing a finger at colleagues who paid artists inflated fees. Veterans tend to blame the luxury-comes-first—the promoters, lawyers and accountants who are thought to be more interested in making deals than films. "We're an easy target," admits lawyer-turned-producer Cohen. "But remember, some of the most successful films in the past three years were made by people not previously in the film business. *The Godfather* and *Silent Partners* were made by a lawyer, Garth Drabinsky. Our partner, Blomberg, has broken even and will be in a profit position when art is it."

Lessons have been learned. "I've



Gang in "Hog Wild" (above), Claude Hénault attempt to cash in on "Montreal" market



Kazuo (above), Zeno Scocor, Dryhurst in *Apprentissage de Duddy Kravitz* moves to Hollywood and produced "Joe Castles"



made films to that Dec. 31 deadline and I'll never do that again," says Robert de Paris of Odeon (bottom) Lantos, referring to a civic ruling that principal photography must be completed by that date in order for film investors to receive the 100-per-cent tax writeoff for that year. "You end up doing it with whatever and wherever you can get. That's the wrong way around." Four-year west along with *Postcards* even though he wasn't happy with the screenplay and vows, "I will never script do that again."

In the end, have these lessons been

learned, the going rougher, away from Toronto, Hollywood on the Harbour? Producing films in Montreal has undeniable drawbacks: the pool of acting and writing talent for English-language film is largely based in Toronto, which is a drain on travel budgets; the national media are Toronto-based, leaving Montrealers, on the whole, a lower profile; the industry grapevine is rooted in Toronto's Courtyard Cafe. "I learn more in two hours in the Courtyard than I do in two weeks in Montreal," gripes Lantos. "That's okay," grins Greenberg. "While they're talking, we're getting

the work done." Still, according to producer Robert Milne, there's a spirit to be found in the francophone film community that reflects the entire film scene. "We work for the screen here," he explains. "Here, it's a concern of believers, elsewhere it's costume industry." Greenberg is blunter. "Frankly, I think producers here get along better, are more competent. They aren't capital-cost-subsidance babies. They were here before the tax winds and they will be here afterwards."

Back to the splendor of the offices of JCC, Denis Héroux echoes a comment on film-making in Montreal. "I think we combine 'proficiency' in the English sense and 'amateur' in the French sense." Still, what counts is what shows up on the screen. The atmosphere may be different in the Montreal branch of the Canadian film industry, the roots may go deeper. But Montreal producers, like all Canadian film-makers, are under mounting pressure from critics and investors (not to mention the paying public) to put something up on the screen worth paying for. As Héroux puts it, "Concern is like a seduction. You have to deliver." ☐

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# Teen trials of a 98-lb. weakling

MY BODYGUARD  
Directed by Tony Gil

**T**enderness, at least at the movies, is turning into the next best thing to profanity. *My Bodyguard*, the latest in the grow-up genre, isn't half bad and it makes an honest attempt to

perhaps even to enjoy rather than gripe. Makepeace may be too docile sensitive for many tastes, but Baldwin's performance is a quiet revelation. As the troubled, avowed boy pulled in opposite directions by his violence and his warmth, he internalizes his losses, smokes his his own, speaking as though he didn't realize there was an audience listening. That's rare to see, rare to reflect upon. Lawrence O'Toole

## Just another elephant joke

SMOKEY AND THE BANDIT II  
Directed by Hal Needham

**T**his should have been one of those "what-the-hell-it's-kind-of-fun" movies, and perhaps for small children and less discerning adults it is just that. If so, they are too easily amused. *Smoking II*, unlike its forerunner of a few years back, is not kind-of-fun, instead, it is just another example of the poorly written, indifferently acted and execrably directed product that has been coming out of Hollywood for the past year. This situation may be merely an aberration, but the possibility exists that film-makers now view their audiences with the same contempt as the television networks. Then, down a cynical viewpoint, it is no longer acceptable to give film the benefit of the doubt, even by down-

As smokes, forgotten how to play tennis!



Makepeace: Baldwin, Paul Giamatti, in an image of all people who with planet 6 in

address itself to a time of life when most people don't know whether they're coming or going. A 98-lb. weakling, Clifford (Chris Makepeace), the somewhat naïvely sensitive kid in *My Bodyguard*, arrives at a new school where the top teacher (John Dahl) is entering lunch money from the kids for "protection." Clifford wasn't subject to it and gets in hot water until a strapping loner (Adam Baldwin) becomes his bodyguard. It doesn't take a smart kid with glasses to figure out where fate gets seed kicked in it by the fates.

*My Bodyguard* is definitely better than *From 10 to 10*, as God help us. *The Blue Lagoon* as an attempt is made to treat teenagers as people who actually live, the planet Earth. Director Tony Gil, a former actor, shows a movie's eye and ear; there are plot problems, characterization errors and a gratuitous subplot with Clifford's father (Maria Mallo) and grandmother (Ruth Gordon). Life, however, is short and, in this case, it's

ward-adjusted standards, they find. The original *Smoking* and the *Bandit* was amusing, energetic and well-paced. Whether or not it deserved to make the several hundred million dollars it did is not a problem here—except that it spawned the sequel. Now Bert Reynolds (whose brief fling into "serious" roles has somehow diminished his ability to play himself), Sally Field, Jackie Gleason and Jerry Reed are back. So is director Hal Needham, the former stunt man whose reputation for great action shooting takes a beating a cinematic smoggy scene involving dozens of huge trucks and as many as 30 police cars is singular in its lack of memorability. The plot, or what there is of it, has Bert, Sally and Jerry—and eventually Don DeLuise—taking a pregnant elephant by truck from Miami to Dallas, with Jackie, the "Smokes" of the title trying to stop them. What follows—and follows...—and follows is a series of tenuously related anecdotes, a fuzzball of a *Smoking* series without the charm and quality. What's more, the physical humor (readily yielding itself) is suggested by a verbal humor that relies on innuendo on the popular word for excrement—a word that might be used to sum up the whole movie.

John Gould

## Second helpings of celestial splendor

THE SPECIAL EDITION OF CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND  
Directed by Steven Spielberg

**O**ne had forgotten just how strange and splendid it was when the adult in motherhood descended. In like a celestial chariot, over Don's Peak at the end of Close Encounters. One had also forgotten how moving it was to see the brave visitors take the small centers by the hand and lead them into the ship. Working with the grip of a growling but with little eyes and heart of a child, the movie was magical. It still is. The new edition, retaining new footage and excluding some of the original's torpor, has been tightened up, perhaps too much, you lose the sense of a Christmas. Spielberg's adoring, subjective. But there is a new sequence: a wonderful, awesome joke in the desert. Some may be disappointed with the scenes of the ship's interior, others may be glad that Spielberg has refused to emulate his masters (like the movie all along). And, if you have forgotten that.

L.O.T.



John Fotheringham is an assistant

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